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PLAYBILL

SUMMER IS SMARTLY SIGNALIZED in this July issue of America's foremost livin'-is-easy magazine: cartoonist Gahan Wilson proffers a set of sandy sketches which we've titled, appropriately enough, *On the Beach with Gahan Wilson*; our various editorial service departments suggest electronic gadgetry for beach fun, clue us in on the latest fashion news in seersucker, and provide recipes for a trio of frosty summer drinks: lenslady Bunny Yeager offers a new and appealing idea in cool female fashion, done up by stage/dress-designer Jack Hakman for this month's photo feature, *The Nude Look*.

All that glitters is not Herb Gold, necessarily; PLAYBOY Assistant Editor Don Gold (no relation) glitters, too, at the drop of a hat or the drop of a book. A book that recently dropped from his numbed fingers was authored by John O'Hara; which explains why versatile Don — jazz buff, d.j., and one-time Managing Editor of *Down Beat* — has written, as his first bylined contribution to our pages, not a jazz story but a slicing satire of O'Hara called *Ourselves to Know Too Well*. Another writer new to PLAYBOY is Jeremy Dole, young author of this issue's farcical election-year story, *Wilbur Fonts for President*.

No newcomers are PLAYBOY-favorites William Iversen, T. K. Brown III, Richard Matheson and John Wallace, all represented this month by top-drawer writing. Iversen reverses a rather abominable old idea and comes up with the much more sensible *I Only Want a Sweetheart, Not a Buddy*. Brown gives us a precise and penetrating portrait of that shady lady named *Luck*. Matheson, having finished writing the screenplay for the new film version of Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher*, does a creditable job of out-Poeing Poe in his story *First Anniversary* (it's his fifth PLAYBOY yarn). John Wallace — of *I Love You, Miss Irvine* memory — is back with *his* fifth story for us, this month's leadoff, *O You New York Girls*. This tale of a hip young chap on the loose in the big town enjoys, by way of illustration, a double-page water color by Seymour Rosofsky, a Chicago artist in his early thirties — just back from a Fulbright-sponsored painting spree in Italy — whose work has already won him over half a dozen prizes and awards, and has been exhibited in Chicago's Art Institute, New York's Museum of Modern Art, plus galleries in Los Angeles, Detroit, and far-flung Rome and Naples.

Bidding us catapult our minds to regions farther flung than Rome or Naples, Arthur C. Clarke captains a *Rocket to the Renaissance*.

Photographers and their nubile, near-nude models cavorted at a Hollywood PLAYBOY party under the auspices of the American Society of Magazine Photographers, and it's far from surprising that the shutter-bugs snapped their own shindig. The refreshing results appear on a couple of colorful double-page spreads herein.

Do we hear someone asking for still more *Teevee Jeebies*? They're here, too, in this July PLAYBOY.

Do girls go to your head?

Or do they just go? Well, friend — if they vanish from the scene, better try 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It does something to your hair, *and* to women! Even if you use water with your hair tonic (doesn't everybody?), you're still way ahead of the game. You see, water evaporates, makes a dried out mess of your hair. (Alcohol tonics and hair creams evaporate, too and leave a sticky residue.) *But clear, clean 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic won't let your hair dry out—it replaces oil that water removes. With 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic you can use all the water you want.* So, if you've got girls on the brain, but not in your hair, get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and keep the weekend open!

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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CHAPLIN

How about that? My first letter to PLAYBOY and it isn't even about the Playmates! Congratulations to Charles Beaumont on possibly the finest work in his career. I refer, of course, to the March article, *Chaplin*. However, even more than to Beaumont, congratulations must be extended to PLAYBOY for having the awareness to recognize Chaplin's genius and the courage to commission this article. I, unfortunately, belong to the group of people who scarcely know the artist. *City Lights* was my only glimpse of his genius but scenes of that one glimpse will remain in my heart for the rest of my life. I have wondered for a long time why no one came to Chaplin's defense. Now PLAYBOY has.

Lyle Neighbors
Moses Lake, Washington

Brava! I refer to that Chaplin piece by Beaumont. It needed to be said and I'm glad it was PLAYBOY who said it.

Herman G. Weinberg
New York, New York

. . . An essay worthy of the highest praise. An eloquent tribute to one of the most misunderstood men of our time.

Paul DeWitt
New York, New York

GENTLEMEN, THE PIECE ABOUT CHARLIE CHAPLIN WRITTEN BY CHARLES BEAUMONT IS THE MOST SENSITIVE AND TOLERANT PORTRAIT OF A MAN THAT I HAVE EVER READ, WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF BERTRAND RUSSELL ON TOM PAYNE. PLEASE EXTEND TO MR. BEAUMONT MY MOST HEARTFELT APPLAUSE. BY ALL MEANS SEE THAT THIS ISSUE OF PLAYBOY REACHES CHARLIE AND HIS FAMILY. MOST SINCERELY—

GEORGE JESSEL
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

I was born a generation too late to enjoy Charlie Chaplin's artistry, and I'm afraid my image of him, until now, was the negative one formed by slander. Thanks, therefore, to Beaumont and PLAYBOY for erasing my prejudice.

Robert Sullivan
Stamford, Connecticut

The Chaplin article written by Charles Beaumont is a good piece; a warm and sympathetic recounting of a tragedy.

Dore Schary
New York, New York

It's about time someone had the guts to print the truth about Chaplin. Many thanks!

John C. Weiser
Salisbury, North Carolina

I found Charles Beaumont's *Chaplin* very interesting indeed: a wise, balanced and warm description of the artist and his career. About time, too, before his legend and reputation suffer completely from his vituperative, ignorant detractors. Congratulations on PLAYBOY's judgment and courage in publishing the article.

Hollis Alpert
New York, New York

You gained my respect with *The Contaminators*, and you have retained that respect with Charles Beaumont's magnificent article on Chaplin. You've said it all.

Peggy Parkis
Hamilton, Ontario

A sympathetic and long overdue attempt to set the record straight on a much-maligned genius.

John Wilcox
The Village Voice
New York, New York

I bought the March PLAYBOY the other day. If Charles Beaumont can do that well on Chaplin, I think he ought to keep on doing stuff like that and leave the werewolves alone. It's wonderful, the way in which Beaumont makes the point about how lucky we were that Chaplin made his movies here, that if anyone lost anything when he left the country, it was us. It is, of course, true, and nobody before this has ever said it.

Robert Paul Smith
Scarsdale, New York

. . . In striking a blow for Chaplin's immortality while he is still under a cloud of misunderstanding and calumny, Mr. Beaumont has done a service to all

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Arthur L. Mayer
New York, New York

An article such as Charles Beaumont's is much needed in a national magazine in this country at this time. Our local exhibitor declined to show *The Gold Rush* because of American Legion pressure and it is in fact becoming more and more difficult to show Chaplin around the country. I sincerely hope this article is in some way instrumental in restoring Charlie's popularity to the American public.

John Benson
Grinnell, Iowa

The "protective" picketing of Chaplin films will no doubt continue, as well as Philistine panning of his genius. I am truly sorry for those persons who participate in such. I am more sorry, however, for the millions who will never share the experience of crying during the ending of *City Lights*, or roaring at Chaplin's comic mastery in *Limelight*.

Charles B. Yulish
Kent, Ohio

Please transmit to Charles Beaumont my small mote in the avalanche of gratitude he must be receiving for his own "gift of joy."

Paul C. Woodbridge
Vienna, Virginia

Chaplin in your magazine, Larry Adler on your TV show. You are becoming a stink in the nostrils of the American people.

A. C. Cohn
Bronx, New York

TRUMBO

Congratulations on *The Oscar Syndrome*. It is a well-written and timely article, entirely in keeping with the high standards of your publication. The author could have really slammed and damned Hollywood on a completely personal level but instead he wrote from a more mature standpoint. Since reading Mr. Trumbo's article, I have noticed that Frank Sinatra, a performer I have hitherto admired, has fired the excellent writer Albert Maltz because of the writer's political associations. Wouldn't it be nice if we could keep politics out of the arts for a change?

Arthur S. Duch
Los Angeles, California

Congratulations to you on *The Oscar Syndrome* by Dalton Trumbo, with comments and analysis of the Motion Picture Academy Awards. An organization like the Academy takes ever vigilant watchfulness on the part of those who can give it observation with perspective. This is its only chance to function free from

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Last month we reported that *Texas* was the home of the first Bacardi party. Men, we goofed. The playboys in our fiftieth state claim *they* first dreamed up this delightful idea. Hats off to Hawaii!

By now you must know that a Bacardi Party is where the guests bring Bacardi and the host supplies the mixings—*as many as he can turn up!* Like iced tea, ginger beer, cider, cola — but you get the idea.

So have yourself a Bacardi Party. From Waikiki to Cape Cod, a new kind of party for fun-loving playboys. Just remember—how can you have a Bacardi Party without *Bacardi!*

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SHULTON

under the cloud of exploitation and commercialism. However, I doubt if either Mr. Trumbo or I have the necessary qualifications; nevertheless I welcome Mr. Trumbo's article.

King Vidor
Beverly Hills, California

Keep up the good work. The magazine always provides things of great worth—the April article on taxes, *The Far Out Films*, and the Dalton Trumbo piece were of great interest here.

George Stevens, Jr.
George Stevens Productions, Inc.
Beverly Hills, California

What's wrong with PLAYBOY? Is it beginning to follow the Communist party line?

T. F. Hanson
New York, New York

Your usually rosy cheeks are starting to look *red*.

Hugh P. Thompson
Indianapolis, Indiana

Please cancel my subscription at once. First, the hearts-and-flowers for Chaplin, then Dalton Trumbo. As an ex-FBI agent, it becomes impossible to continue.

R. E. Chasen
Clifton, New Jersey

PLAYBOY *sincerely believes that this nation is big enough, strong enough and right enough to give free expression to the ideas and the talents of every man among us without fear of being hurt by any man's individual weaknesses or follies. We believe, too, that no good idea, no important work of art and no meaningful talent becomes less good, less important or less meaningful because it comes from a doubtful source. You don't have to be a homosexual to read Oscar Wilde or an alcoholic and a drug addict to appreciate the prose and poetry of Edgar Allan Poe. It is also possible to recognize the comic genius of Chaplin, read an article on the Academy Awards by Dalton Trumbo and enjoy the music of Larry Adler without necessarily approving of either the men or their personal philosophies of life. For the record, of course, none of these men has ever been proven a Communist—a matter of some importance in this country that prides itself on fair play and believing a man innocent until proven guilty. But that's really beside the point —for we also appreciate Picasso as one of the world's greatest living artists, and we know he's a Communist. Politics may be important in government, where national security is a vital consideration, but it has no place in art and literature. Not if America's art and literature, and indeed the country itself, are to remain free.*

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Inflation, a clear and present danger on the economic level, is quickly becoming more and more of a devaluating influence on our everyday language as well. We refer specifically to the growing trend toward making jobs seem what they are not by giving them pompous titles. Thus, janitors have become "superintendents" and "maintenance engineers"; cab drivers are officially known as "public chauffeurs" and truck drivers want to be known as "van operators"; buyers have become "purchasing agents" or even "procurement specialists"; official title of the man who picks up papers in the park is "landscape engineer"; garbage collectors are "sanitation engineers" and garbage cans are "refuse disposal containers." The Wisconsin Restaurant Association feels that the term "beverage host" should replace "bartender" because the former title "has more dignity." If the trend continues, where will it all end? Will elevator operators become Ascendant and Descendant Pilots? Will tailors shortly be known as Stitch Engineers? Are house painters to be called Exterior Decorators? Will you get your haircut from a Tress Sculptor? Will you have your mail delivered by a Communications Expediter, your windows washed by an Aperture Renovator, your laundry picked up by a Clothing Immaculator, your doors opened by an Entrance Traffic Coordinator? Just as the dollar is losing more and more of its value, so are our titles becoming more and more meaningless, which is especially ironic when we remember that the holder of the really top position has always had to be satisfied with the shortest job title: God.

•

According to UPI, Gina Lollobrigida's explanation for going to Geneva and then to Paris was: "I've got to try on costumes for my new film, *Go Naked in the World*."

•

Add to the list of strippers' monickers that of the Coast ecdysiast, Norma Vincent *Peale* (dig?).

•

Last month, in reviewing the Jack Douglas book, *Never Trust a Naked Bus Driver*, we called amused attention to the dedication: "To Barry and Ella Fitzgerald." A playwright pal, inspired, has suggested a few more matings not exactly made-in-heaven, but just the thing if you're planning a book of your own and are stuck for a suitably sentimental dedication: Charles and Mamie Van Doren, Debbie and Quentin Reynolds, Joan and Miles Davis, Peggy and Pinky Lee, Mae and Nathanael West, Tony and Ma Perkins, Jane and Bertrand Russell, El and Juliette Greco, Charles and Dawn Addams, Ayn and Remington Rand, Mary and Charlie McCarthy, Brooks and Joyce Brothers, Barnum and Pearl Bailey, Flash and Ruth Gordon, Buck and Ginger Rogers, Sheilah and Billy Graham, Billy and Tokyo Rose.

•

The subject of deliberation of a recent seven-hour session of the city council in Lockport, New York: How to Shorten City Council Meetings.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

It's our notion, in this new department, to apprise you from time to time of those acts and entertainments we think you should look for—or look out for—when they're on tap at your favorite night spot. ***Bob Newhart*** — the new comic who broke up audiences during his stay at Mister Kelly's in Chicago—strikes us as a happy nominee for inaugural honors. He's a thirty-year-old satirist who dodged show biz as a full-time venture until early this year, when glowing response to his appearance on *Playboy's Penthouse* inspired him to hit the night-club circuit. Newhart, who writes all his own stuff, may remind some of Shelley Berman, who also got his start at Kelly's less than three years ago and is now the most successful of all the new hip school of comics. Coming on as captain of the atomic sub U.S.S. Codfish, Newhart lectures his crew on their arrival home after two years of underwater endurance: "Men, we hold the record for the most Japanese tonnage sunk . . . unfortunately, they were sunk in 1954." As a television director putting the Khrushchev landing rehearsal through its paces, an anxious Newhart shrieks, "Somebody cue Ike. Have somebody take the putter from Ike." But it is as a PR man, holding a phone conversation with Abe Lincoln just before Gettysburg, that Newhart broke us into the smallest of pieces:

"Hi ya, sweetheart. How are you, kid? How's Gettysburg? Sort of a drag, huh? Listen, Abe, I got the note. What's the problem? You're thinking of shaving it off? Ah—Abe—ah—don't you see that's part of the image? Right. Abe, you got the speech? Aw, Abe, you haven't changed the *speech*, have you? Abe, what do you change the speeches for? You what?? You typed it! Abe, how many times have we told you: *on the backs of envelopes*. I understand it's harder to read that way, Abe, but it looks like you wrote it on the train. What else, Abe? You changed 'Fourscore and seven' to 'Eighty-seven'? Yeah but, Abe, that's supposed to be a grabber, you know? Abe, we test-marketed it, baby, and they went out of their minds. Abe, would Marc Antony say 'Friends, Romans, countrymen, I've got somethin' I wanna tell

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226. Sonic blockbuster of the hi-fi age! Military cannons and gong roars plus magnificent massed strings and brass.

229. TV-radio comedy stars kid TV-radio advertising, giveaway and interview programs, guests, etc. *A howl!*

218. Another hit jazz album from TV! "Really good big-band set played with brightness and warmth"—*High Fidelity*.

224. Recorded at his historic 1958 Carnegie Hall concert. "Cliburn has triumphed again!"—*HiFi Review*.

209. Good-time Dixieland strut through *Colonel Bogey, Shake It and Break It, The Pearls, The Chant, Fidgety Feet*, etc.

212. Mr. Guitar's first dance album, already a best-seller! *Night Train, Sleep Walk, Till There Was You, Hot Toddy*.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own*, etc.

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita*.

2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz—combo and big band—from NBC-TV series. *Fathoni*, more.

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8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Howard Keel, Gogi Grant and Anne Jeffreys.

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You*.

63. Oriental orchestral feast! Colorful sounds magnificently recorded. Voluptuous, melodious, familiar themes.

89. His biggest hits re-recorded in hi fi. *There, I've Said It Again, Riders in the Sky, Racing with the Moon, Ballerina*; etc.

74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*

79. Teen-age rock-and-roll singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary*, other originals —*Stupid Cupid*, etc.

89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety*.

34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere. Indian songs, virile singing. Different! *Red River Valley*, 10 more.

26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango*.

100. Two super-stars render 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. A current best-seller.

37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront*.

40. Wacky banjo-pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh Lonesome Me*, 11 more laugh-getters.

48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmoke Suite, Anvils, of Course*, more.

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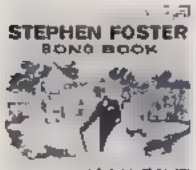

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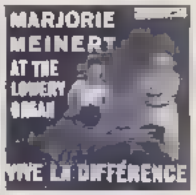

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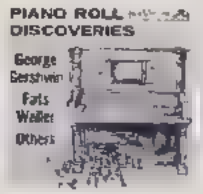
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ya'? . . . You talked to some newspapermen? Abe—ah I wish you wouldn't talk to newspapermen. You always put your foot in it. Huh? That's *just* what I mean, Abe. No, no. You were a rail splitter, *then* an attorney. Abe, have you got a pencil and paper there? Will you take this down? 'You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.' Well, the thing is, you keep doing it *differently*, Abe. What? Saturday night? A bridge party at the White House? Ah—Abe, I'd love to make it, but . . . You and—what's her name, Mary—will be home alone? Gee, that's too bad. Listen, Abe—why don't you take in a play?" A batch of Bob's skits, you should know, are on a new LP—*The Button-Down Mind of Bob Newhart* (Warner Bros.). If Newhart isn't quite "the best new comedian of the decade," as PLAYBOY is misquoted in the liner notes, he is the best comic to arrive this year and is certain to be doing well in clubs across the country the better part of the next fourscore and seven years.

FILMS

The big comedy news for most of the summer is ***I'm All Right, Jack.*** This British film itself is that rare thing, a comedy with real content and profound morality; so it is all the more thrilling to report that it is hilariously funny. Ian Carmichael plays a pleasant, wealthy, well-educated but none too bright joker whose main trouble in life is that he sincerely wants to perform meaningful work. In his quest for this he encounters a lot of shrewdies for whom the concept of a decent day's work is something to fight against (Labor), and fewer but filthier types for whom even the peace of the world doesn't stand a chance against the hope of turning a fast buck (Management). Alone in the middle, is our dim-witted hero, working away for perhaps the ultimate agency of social welfare and doom, something called Missiles, Ltd. Through an excess of energy and good will, Carmichael demonstrates to a snooping time-study monster how fast he can work; this results in a strike called by steward Peter Sellers, this time out a glassy-eyed, pathetic-absurd Cockney who loves all things Russian. The strike spreads, finally endangering a big arms deal cooked up by Missiles' elegant board chairman, Dennis Price, and a shifty-eyed Arab—all in the interest of "keeping the peace in the Middle East." With a big assist from the conservative press, Carmichael becomes a national hero. But since no one wants the strike to continue, or to look very long or hard

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at the moral bankruptcy its opposing forces represent, a deal between them is engineered and it's business as usual again. The grim but very amusing ending has Carmichael finding sanctuary in a nudist colony well-stocked with girls well-stacked.

•

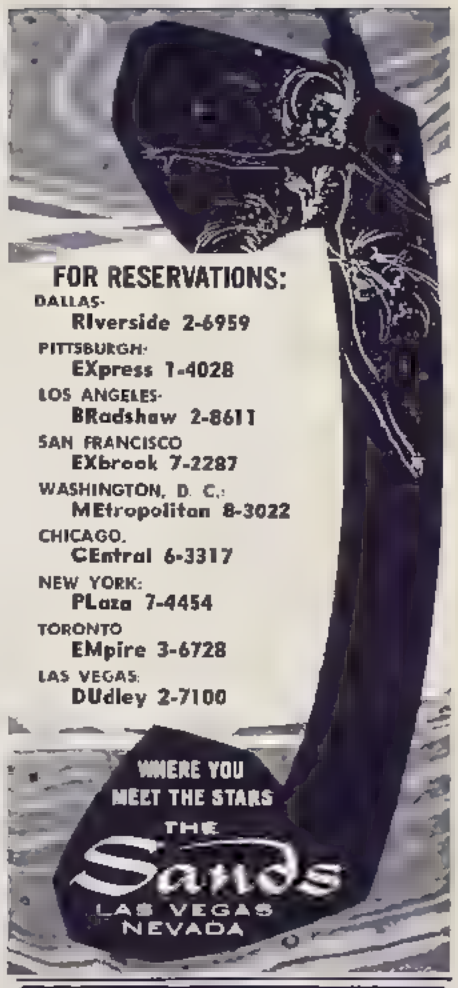
Sidney Meyers, director of *The Quiet One*, and Ben Maddow, scenarist for *The Asphalt Jungle*, have teamed with Joseph Strick to make a real shocker, ***The Savage Eye***. It features a fine newcomer to films, Broadway veteran Barbara Baxley, as a divorcee-to-be sitting out a year in L. A. until her decree comes through. The *Eye* is hers, and it's pretty jaundiced. Most of the screen time is taken up with what she sees, and none of it is very lovely. The horrors include operation nose job; a hard-working young gigolo whispering with his late-sixties date; a stripper parodying real sex; a faith healing factory; and a homosexual drag-&-strip dance. Nothing much matters to the heroine in this travelog-turned-inside-out (just the "numbing" round of receiving alimony checks and spending them) until an auto wreck brings her close to death. Her recuperation is accomplished by some too-facile affirmation on her part.

•

I Passed for White is a nasty bit of business which passes itself off as a social document, but endorses throughout the philosophy of "Stay in your own back yard." Ignore it.

BOOKS

Sterling C. Quinlan, TV exec who last year produced a book titled *The Merger*—a behind-the-scenes business novel—now comes along with a completely different, and considerably better, effort: a robustious, sometimes rowdy, always lusty and yeasty story centering about an applejack-swigging picaro aptly named ***Jugger*** (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95). Jugger is the town drunk of Crater Village, a bucolic community not too far from New York City and pretty clearly modeled on Greenwood Lake, a lovely-to-look upon resort community which was the *mis en scène* of the most famous fictional murder in American literature, Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*. Quinlan's tale is something very different: his concern is with the raucus fun he extracts from the antics of the natives in their effort to commit Jugger to the poor farm (so he won't freeze to death over the winter, they say, but actually to put a stop to his cheerful and remorseless pilferage of whatever he needs to keep his tattered body and wild free soul together). All Jugger wants is to be left alone—which is exactly what the



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town characters (and they are, indeed, characters) don't want to do—including his mentor, Carrot Woman, who fancies her sexy self as Jugger's protectress. But despite Jugger's one-man war on respectability, he rises (in his own outrageous way) to the needs of a pair of twin waifs even more outcasts than he, and achieves a kind of cockeyed heroism after all. It's a shrewd guess that underneath his ebullient excursion is the author's profound conviction that irreverent iconoclasm is exactly what the world needs more of—his comedic, roundabout rural route to the statement notwithstanding.

•

British humorous-novelist Kingsley (*Lucky Jim, That Uncertain Feeling*) Amis has written a sharp though slender survey of science-fiction called ***New Maps of Hell*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), obviously a labor of love. Not an s-f writer himself, Amis' bona fides are those of the addicted reader, and he assures other addicts that "whatever my shortcomings, I am not that particularly irritating kind of person, the intellectual who takes a slumming holiday in order to 'place' some 'phenomenon' of 'popular culture.'" Amis compares s-f to jazz: "Both emerged as self-contained entities some time in the second or third decade of the century, and both underwent rapid internal change around 1940. Both have strong connections with mass culture without being mass media in themselves. Both are characteristically American . . . both have a noticeably radical tinge . . . both have arrived at a state of anxious and largely naive self-consciousness." Amis feels s-f writers are unadventurous and even puritanical as regards sexual themes, and would like to see sex play a stronger role in the genre; deplores s-f whimsy; tells off arty folks who prefer their s-f heavy on characterization, light on gimmick, defending the "idea as hero" school by justifying stock types. 'It is necessary that they be so. In this type of story, which must consistently stop a good deal short of what is no more than barely possible, an added reference-point or reassurance to the reader can be furnished by treating character conservatively and limiting interest in it . . . . [the story's] whole tenor would be set awry by the kind of specifying, distinguishing, questioning form of characterization to which general fiction has accustomed us." Why is s-f worth a bookful of Amis' attention? "In the first place, one is grateful for a medium in which our society can criticize itself, and sharply. . . . One is grateful that we have a form of writing which is interested in the future, which is ready to treat as variables what are usually taken to be constants, which is set on tackling those large, general, speculative questions that ordinary fiction so often avoids." Amis is encouraged by the spread of s-f in

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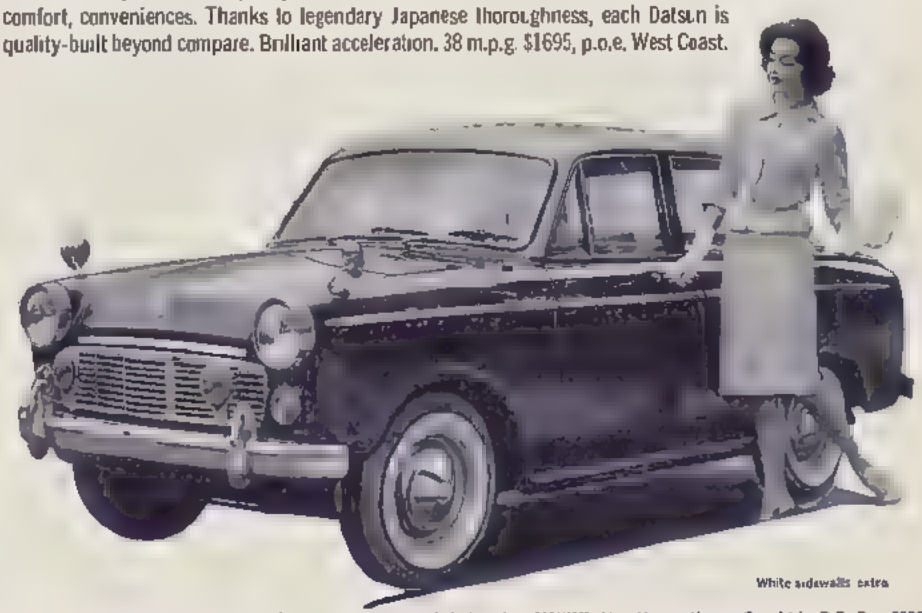

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THEATRE

Bye Bye Birdie is a wild and kookie musical about rock-n'-rolling teenagers, but it has their elders dancing in the aisles. The titular hero of this joyous whoopdedo is Conrad Birdie, a hulking, hip-grinding crooner played by Dick Gautier with pelvic apologies to Elvis. When Birdie, like Presley, is drafted into the armed forces, his manager, Dick Van Dyke, plans a final publicity campaign to be staged in the town of Sweet Apple, Ohio. What happens to the sleepy town of Sweet Apple when the idolized sexpot steps off the train was made to order for the talents of Gower Champion. Doubling as the show's director and choreographer, Champion is at his best when he crowds his stage with an army of screaming, flipping Birdie watchers, or matches the teenage tumult with a series of whirlwind comic ballets for the indefatigable Chita Rivera. Book is by Michael Stewart, Ptie Charles Strouse–Lee Adams score sings nicely along the way, and Paul Lynde and Kay Medford have never been as funny before in their talented lives. Gower, however, is the real champion of the enlivening evening. At the Martin Beck, West 45th Street, NYC.

RECORDINGS

We wager it was a wild night in Hollywood when Warner's recording crew turned on the trusty Ampex to capture ***The Mary Kaye Trio on the Sunset Strip*** (Warner Bros.). It's a ball. Mary Kaye, her brother Norman and anchor man Frank Ross cavort madly, turning such standards as *How Did He Look?* and *You've Changed* into the sort of blotsh stuff the airwaves aren't made for. There are hard-charging excursions, too, as the trio wallops its way through *Toreador* and *Circus*. Whether it wanders insanely or plays it straight, this is an attention holding group. And Mary Kaye can effortlessly shame most of today's sugary pop shouters. Buddy Greco, who leads his hip trio on the supperclub and lounge circuit, is one of the better singer-pianists on the jazz fringe. In ***My Buddy*** (Epic) recorded at Chicago's Le Bistro, he sighs and surges his way through eleven tunes, from a pulsating *Like Young* to a tender *Misty* to a rousing *Check to Check*. The audience digs. You will, too. The clerk

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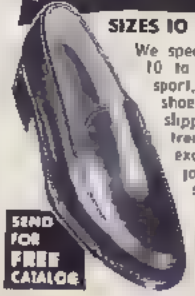

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at your record shop might have trouble finding **The Gasser** (World Pacific) because of the variety of monickers it goes under. On the front cover: *A Singer — Annie Ross/ A Swinger — Zoot Sims/ A Gasser!* On the back cover: *A Gasser/ Annie Ross/ Featuring Zoot Sims and Russ Freeman.* On the spine: *A Gasser.* No matter. Make him stick to his task. Annie (sans Lambert & Hendricks) has never sounded better to our ears, wisely chooses a raft of not-often-heard goodies like *I Didn't Know About You* and *Invitation to the Blues.* In the background wail the gassers and swingers, and the result is sheer ear balm.

•

The ubiquitous André Previn — equally at home on a Hollywood sound stage, at the helm of his jazz trio or as soloist with the New York Phil — pops up as leader-pianist on his latest LP, **Like Love** (Columbia). It's more of the appealing *Like Young* sound, with Previn's sparkling piano soaring over an orchestral base. The tunes relate to everyone's favorite emotion and include such testimonials as *Love Is Here to Stay, I Love a Piano* (to each his own . . .) and *I Wish I Were in Love Again.* Not to be limited to conducting and performing, Previn donated the title tune and *Looking for Love*, jazz pianist Russ Freeman contributed *Nothin' to Do with Love.*

•

Guitarist Charlie Byrd, heir to Charlie Christian's jazz throne, is primly known as Charles Byrd in a performance of **Four Suites by Ludovico Roncalli** (Washington), an intriguing offering of Seventeenth Century sounds. Byrd is no Segovia, but he plays with obvious skill and spirit. It's comforting to know that there are musicians who can cope with jazz and the classics without debasing either. Byrd lives, it seems, for just that.

•

Two of the sturdiest souls in jazz sound off on **Bean Bags** (Atlantic) — a title, as hippies know, that announces the commanding presence of Coleman (Bean) Hawkins and Milt (Bags) Jackson. Bean's passionate tenor and Bags' groovy vibes weave inimitably through three standards — *Close Your Eyes, Don't Take Your Love from Me* and *Get Happy* — two Jackson riffs — *Sandra's Blues* and *Indian Blues* — and Hawkins' *Stuffy.* Thanks to an unintrusive rhythm section (Tommy Flanagan, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Eddie Jones, bass and Connie Kay, drums) that understates matters, the peerless leaders can cook to their hearts' content. Never obscure or ostentatious, Bean and Bags provide the best antidote we know to the flagrantly disordered, or rigidly mannered, sounds of some of their contemporaries. They do what comes naturally and they do it well.

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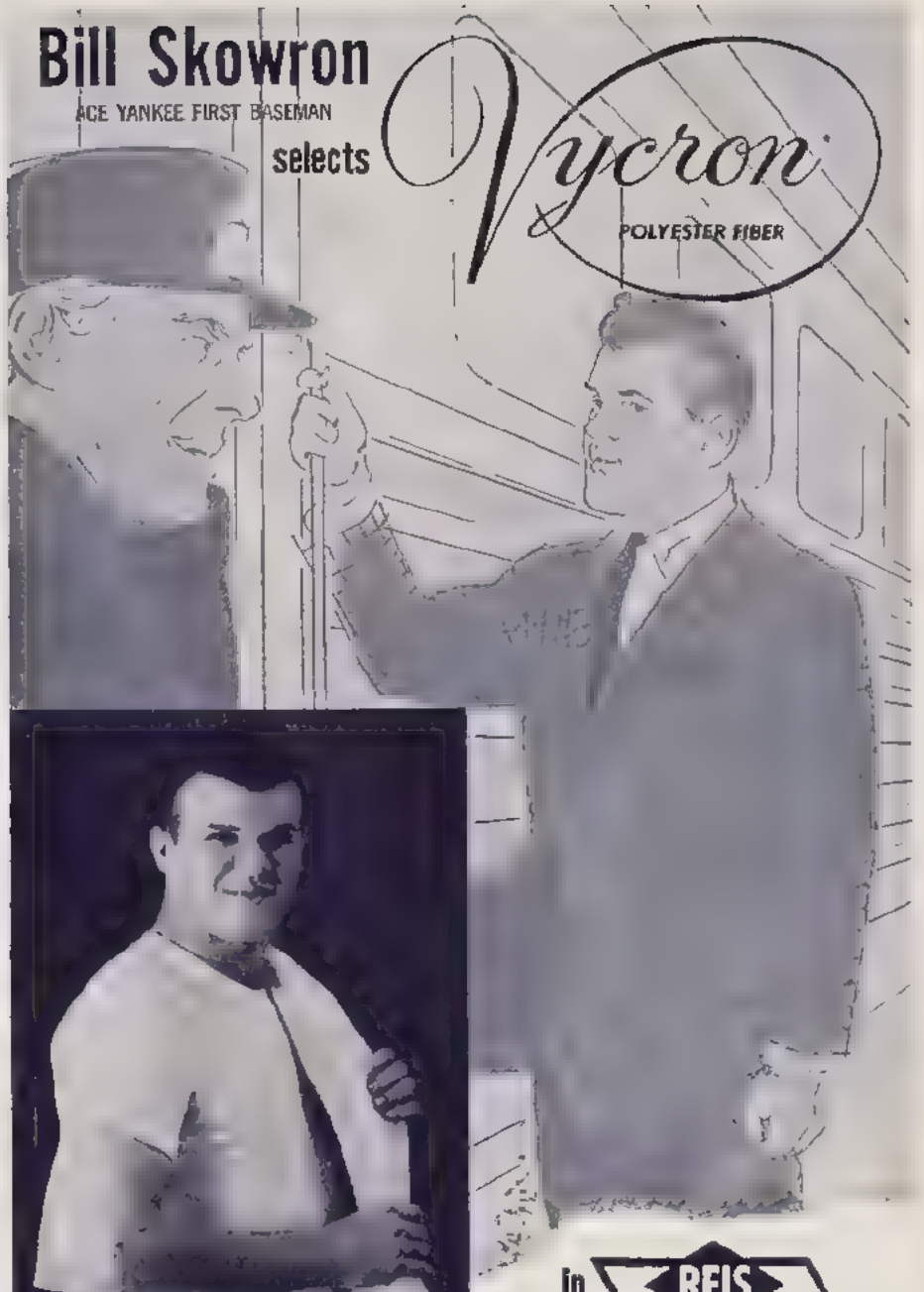

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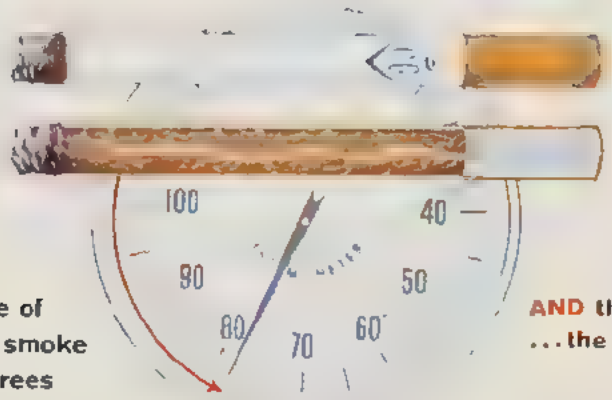

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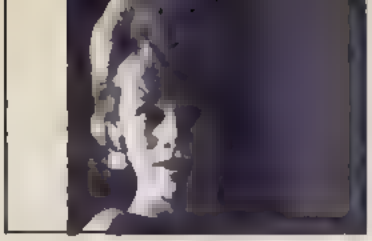

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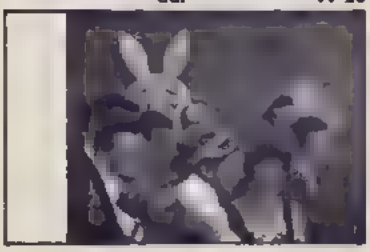

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PLAYBOY

vol. 7, no. 7 — july, 1960

O You New York Girls

fiction **By JOHN WALLACE**

the adventures of a very young man in a jungle of lissome limbs

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEYMOUR ROSOFSKY

O you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

— OLD SEA CHANTEY

CHARLES CORDAY MIGHT NEVER HAVE BECOME A WRITER IF HIS mother had not divorced his father. But she did and Charles took her side because she had always flattered and amused him; and Charles' father shocked them both by getting very very tough when it was too late to stop things. Charles and his mother had to live on a much smaller alimony than she had expected and Charles had to go to an obscure New England junior college in his freshman year, instead of to Yale He had been expensively prepped and at first he was bitter about this comedown. But he had a pleasantly superior nature and besides, the New England college was coeducational.

Charles wrote his first story to impress a girl who wouldn't say yes and didn't want to let the matter drop, either. He was somewhat surprised when the undergraduate magazine printed his story; he was considerably surprised at the vehemence with which the girl said yes. But Charles was quick to learn. He wrote more stories and impressed more girls who said yes. Clearly, Charles thought, women were fools for a writer; and by the end of his second year at the college he felt that his career was established. There remained only the problem of money.

He was saved too much concern about that Early in the summer his mother said: "Charlie, I think I'm going to get married again."

"But what about your alimony?" Charles said, thinking of his share of it.

"Mr. Dolson is a millionaire," his mother said.

"I know these millionaires," Charles said. "We had millionaires' kids at school. They threw dimes around like ten-dollar bills. One of them said his old lady made soap out of bacon fat."

"I wish you wouldn't imitate every uncouth writer you're reading," his mother said. "Now listen to me: Wouldn't you like to go to Yale, or Harvard? Or perhaps even to Oxford?"

"I want to go to New York," Charles said. "I want to write."

"You do seem to have a gift for it," his mother said. "I always wanted you to go into the world with a good university behind you as well as a good school but the school is more important after all and they do say that the literary cachet opens doors."

"It opens more than doors," Charles said.

"*Charles!*" his mother said. Then she began to smile dreamily and tap at her front teeth with one of her long fingernails. "Mr. Dolson is a self-made man," she said. "He loves to talk about how he started his business from nothing."

"Well, writing is a business," Charles said. "But you don't start businesses from nothing any more."

"Darling," his mother said, "we do think alike, don't we." She was still smiling dreamily. She was an exceedingly attractive woman, less than twice her son's age, and at this moment she looked like a young girl happily making up a guest list for a party. "Well," she said, "first I must catch my rabbit, as the cookbook says. We're spending a month in Maine with Mr Dolson and his sister, that much is toward. And it's all going to be very proper and correct. You just be sure to be the kind of future stepson Mr. Dolson would love to send to New York and I think it will arrange itself very nicely."

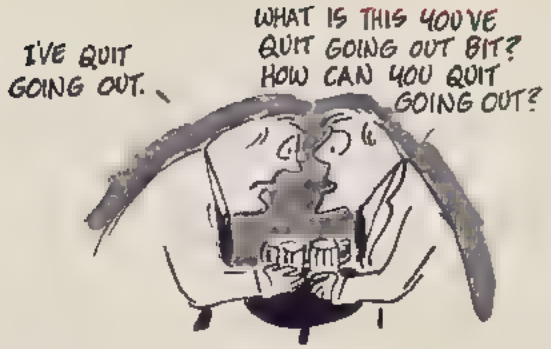
Mr. Dolson's house in Maine was damp and big and the wind blew right through it. Charles had had hopes of, say, an acquiescent upstairs maid, but Mr. Dolson kept few servants, and they were all elderly. The house was well away from the popular beaches and towns and it was probably all just as well for Charles. Undistracted, he did a great deal of writing in one of the wooden towers that studded the house. Mr. Dolson was clearly infatuated with Charles' mother, their visit stretched to nearly two months, and by then Charles had sold two minor pieces to two minor publications and had placed a very serious story in a literary magazine. Mr. Dolson said he was impressed by Charles' industry and told Charles to call him Bill. For some reason this was embarrassing to Charles, but always after, he called Mr. Dolson Bill.

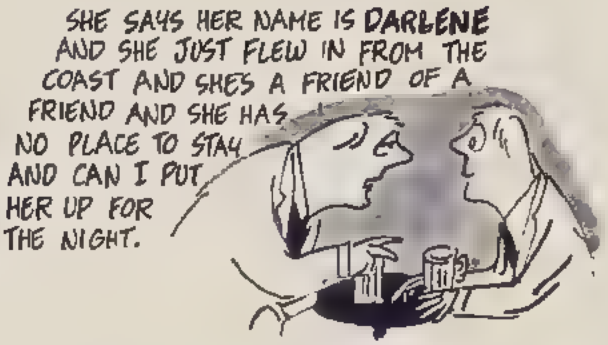
"You're sure you want to marry him?" he said to his mother.

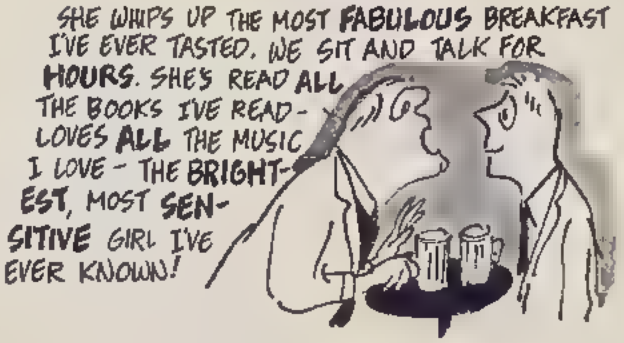
"Darling," his mother said, "I was born with luxurious tastes and your father let me develop my tastes into necessities. Life is very hard for a woman, Charles."

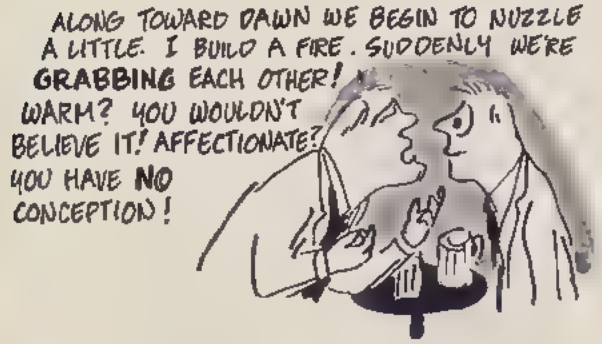
(continued on page 22)

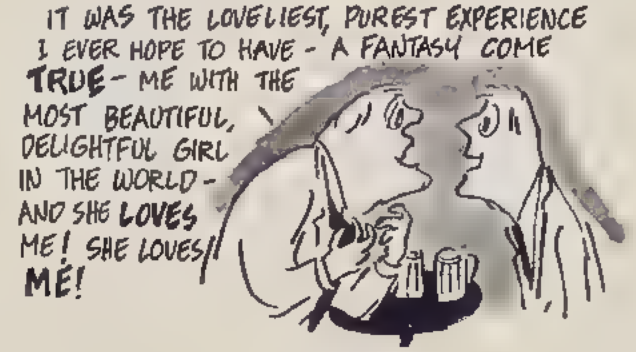
The Lover

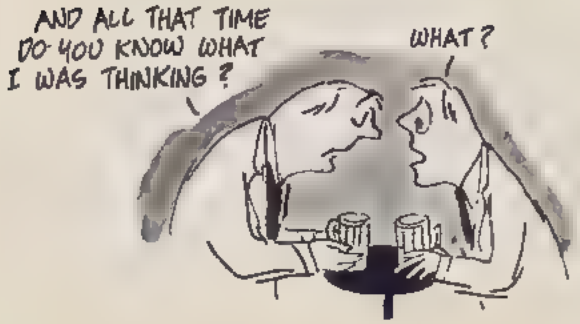












JULES FEIFFER

O You New York Girls (continued from page 20)

So, at the end of the summer, Charles saw his mother into her second marriage and left for New York. He would have a regular remittance, Mr. Dolson said, so long as he behaved himself and continued to show improvement. Of course, the remittance could not go on forever, Mr. Dolson pointed out, but he was willing to be reasonable.

Afterward, Charles recognized Greenwich Village as a mistake, but then, settling there first certainly got any ideas he'd had about the Village into perspective. And Charles always remembered the Village kindly because right at the beginning the Village reaffirmed something for him that badly needed reaffirming.

He could sense things becoming operative the moment he went into the secondhand bookstore. An untidy girl with a madonna face was at the desk and she gave Charles a look of interest as he went in. Charles looked around until he found some dictionaries, and he began pulling these down and going through them.

"Perhaps I can help you," the girl said.

"Perhaps you can," Charles said. "I need a good desk book of usage."

"Usage?" the girl said. "You mean like a do-it-yourself book?"

"No," Charles said. "I mean something like Fowler. You know how it is," he said, "when you're working and you start wondering shall I, or shall I not, use the subjunctive. And things like that."

"Oh," the girl said, "you must be a writer. You've come to the right place," she said. "All kinds of writers come here. All of my friends are writers. I do quite a lot of writing myself."

"Oh," Charles said. Things didn't seem operative any more.

"Don't hurry away," the girl said. "You are a writer, aren't you?"

"Well," Charles said, "I've really only had a few things published."

"A *published* writer!" the girl said, and everything was operative again. "Oh," she said, "that's marvelous. What have you done?"

"It's rather a funny coincidence," Charles said, "but I happened to get one of them in the mail today." He took the literary magazine from the side pocket of his raincoat.

"Isn't this wonderful?" the girl said. "I don't suppose you'd want to come around to my apartment tonight and meet everybody?"

"I like to write at night," Charles said. "But I'd like to come around to your apartment too."

Certainly the bookstore girl's friends were an odd and raffish lot, but presently Charles, who was nursing a glass of terrible-tasting red wine, began to recognize a familiar pattern, the pattern of sophomore thought. At college he had passed through the intellectual phase quickly. It had seemed to him that the endless and involved discussing of life and art was like discussing sex: it was a postponement of reality, and probably an avoidance of it. Charles, touching his wine glass to his lips occasionally, was polite and pleasant; and he sat them all out. He sat out the young men in blue jeans and the young men in beards and the Harvard man and the Yale man, who had a feeble fight and fell into the bathtub, and the Englishman who was slumming. Charles sat them all out and when they were gone things became operative very quickly indeed with the bookstore girl. It simply went to show, Charles thought, that women were fools for a writer.

"Oh, you're different," the bookstore girl kept saying. "I've never known anybody like you. Are you going to put us in a story?" she said. "Will this inspire you?"

"Why," Charles said, "of course."

"I suppose you'll have to change my name," she said. "Please give me a beautiful name and when I read it I'll know it's me and it will be my secret." Then she said: "I wish I hadn't had all those people here tonight but I didn't know for sure. There won't be another soul here tomorrow night, though. Just you."

"Tomorrow night?" Charles said. "Oh. Well this has been very very lovely, believe me," he said, "but you see, a writer really has to be an ascetic most of the time."

The girl was thin and dark-haired and she looked at him with sudden dark eyes. Then she drew a sheet up to her chin and turned away from him. "Go away, please," she said.

"Oh now look," Charles said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"Didn't you," the girl said.

"After all," Charles said, "I was only confessing a personal weakness. I can't help it if I've only got so much creativity," he said.

The girl turned back to him "I suppose I'm being selfish," she said. "Creativity, that's the important thing, isn't it."

"I have to make a lot of sacrifices for it," Charles said.

Of course a more experienced or more persistent girl would have topped that line easily but Charles was learning too and he learned a great deal that fall. He had started visiting editors' and agents' offices, he met many girls and women, and not a few passed through Charles' cold-water flat in the Village. In the matter of terminating these affairs Charles' instincts were sound: sooner or later women started to make claims and to think of perpetuity. The trick lay in stopping things before they reached this stage and Charles found that if you fed a woman enough lines she would inevitably talk herself into an untenable position. There were, of course, some girls who were unable to recognize an untenable position: with these, Charles was very helpful.

But the cold-water flat began to seem dreary to Charles, and so did the Village. He wanted to live uptown, in the East Fifties, which was far beyond his means, but he might have delayed much longer in taking a step in the direction of the East Fifties if his mother had not called him from Boston.

"Well, well," Charles said, "honeymooner. How was the cruise?"

"It turned out to be a third-rate Italian ship full of cockroaches and lechers," his mother said.

"Oh," Charles said.

"Including your stepfather," his mother said.

"As bad as that?" Charles said. He began to feel very nervous.

"Well perhaps not," his mother said. "I just don't have anybody to talk to, darling. I'm bottled up, you know? But I just thought I'd better warn you: Bill's beginning to mutter about your allowance."

"I'd better look for a job," Charles said.

"If you find one don't tell Bill," his mother said. "At least not until you're on your feet."

"Why don't you come down for a few days, Josie," Charles said. "Let me show you the town. It's wonderful."

"Don't make me green, Charlie," his mother said. "It's impossible. Bill says that after that cruise we have to economize. *Economize!*"

"Wait till I get a decent place and some money of my own," Charles said. "I'll stand you the trip. Just don't do anything foolish though, Josie," he said.

"Darling," his mother said, "you sound so grown-up. Of course I won't do anything foolish. I just hope I don't have to learn how to make soap out of bacon fat, that's all."

Charles spent a day making up a scrapbook of everything he had written that had been printed and took it to an employment agency. Even then he did not fully realize that his taste in clothes and his mannered air were much in his favor in impressionable New York. He was offered a choice of jobs; naturally he first looked into one offered by a book publisher.

When he went to be interviewed by the publisher it seemed to him that the whole thing was a mistake. The reception room was large and dark, almost

(continued on page 30)

EMPIRE style has waist under the shoulders, but the girl clearly does not; elegant first nights at the opera should become more memorable.

THE NUDE LOOK

pictorial *our answer to the foolish feminine fashions of the day*

SINCE SOMETHING AFTER THE END OF THE SECOND GREAT WAR, we have watched with what might, at first, have been described as disbelief, followed by concern, then absolute outrage, as the salons of Paris made ever more preposterous pronouncements on women's fashions, and the women's fashion magazines came to heel like so many obedient puppies, or other kept animals. First it was the "New Look," which successfully did away with legs. After that came the "Sack," "Trapeze" and "Balloon," which tried to do away with the entire female figure. And this spring, Dior and friends showed us the shape of things to come with the "Pear," "Pineapple" and "Milk Bottle" looks. Enough, said we. We like our women to look like women, not odd bits of fruit or something to be left out on the back porch with a note stuck in it. So we set our own designer to the task of creating fresh fashions that would please the men for a change, and with our tongue thrust only the least little bit into our cheek, we proudly present PLAYBOY's fashions for Milady, in the "Nude Look." Women will be pleased to learn that we've kept the lines the same — only the materials have been changed, to reveal the woman within.

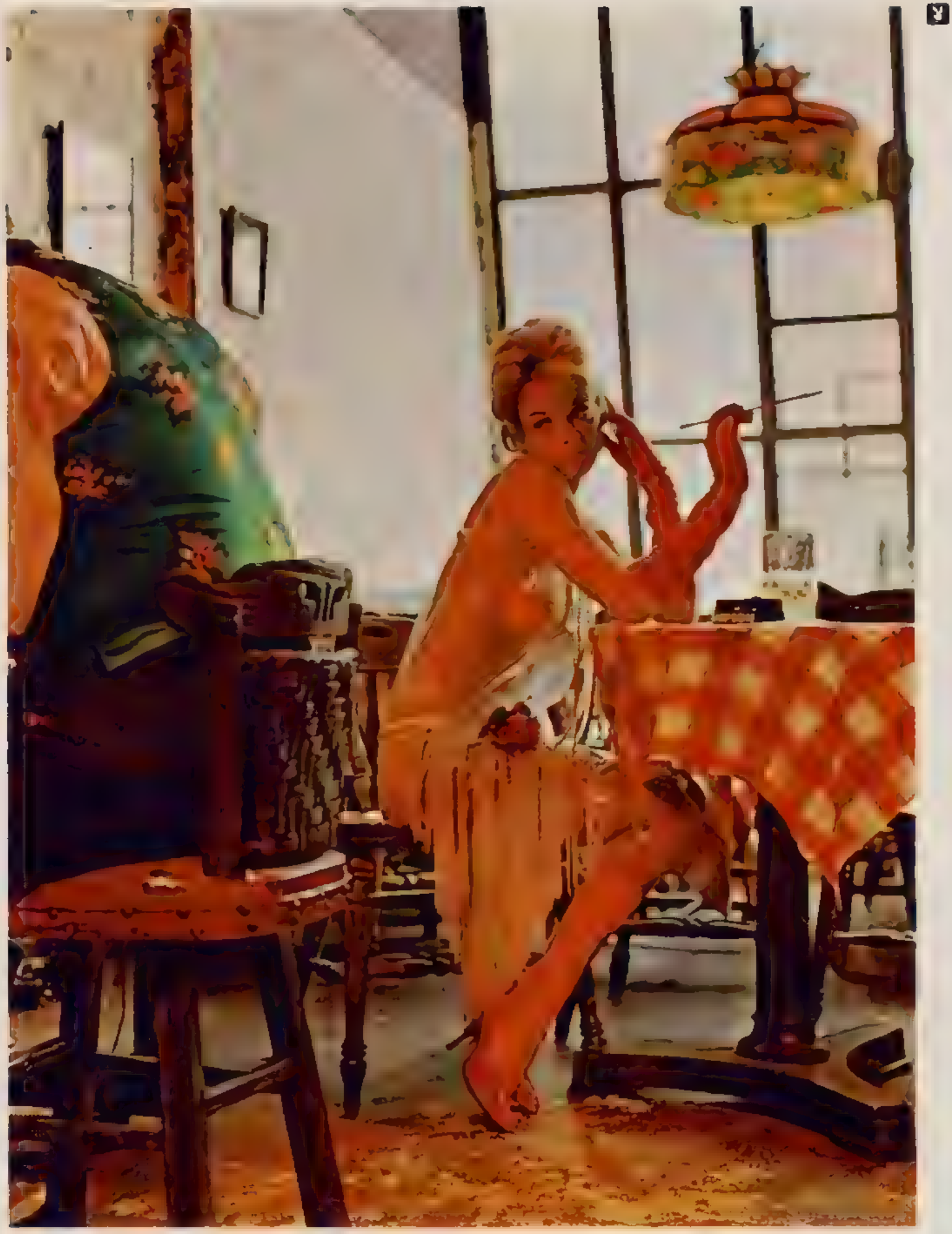
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUNNY YEAGER AND PLAYBOY STUDIO

GOWNS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED ESPECIALLY FOR PLAYBOY BY JACK HAKMAN

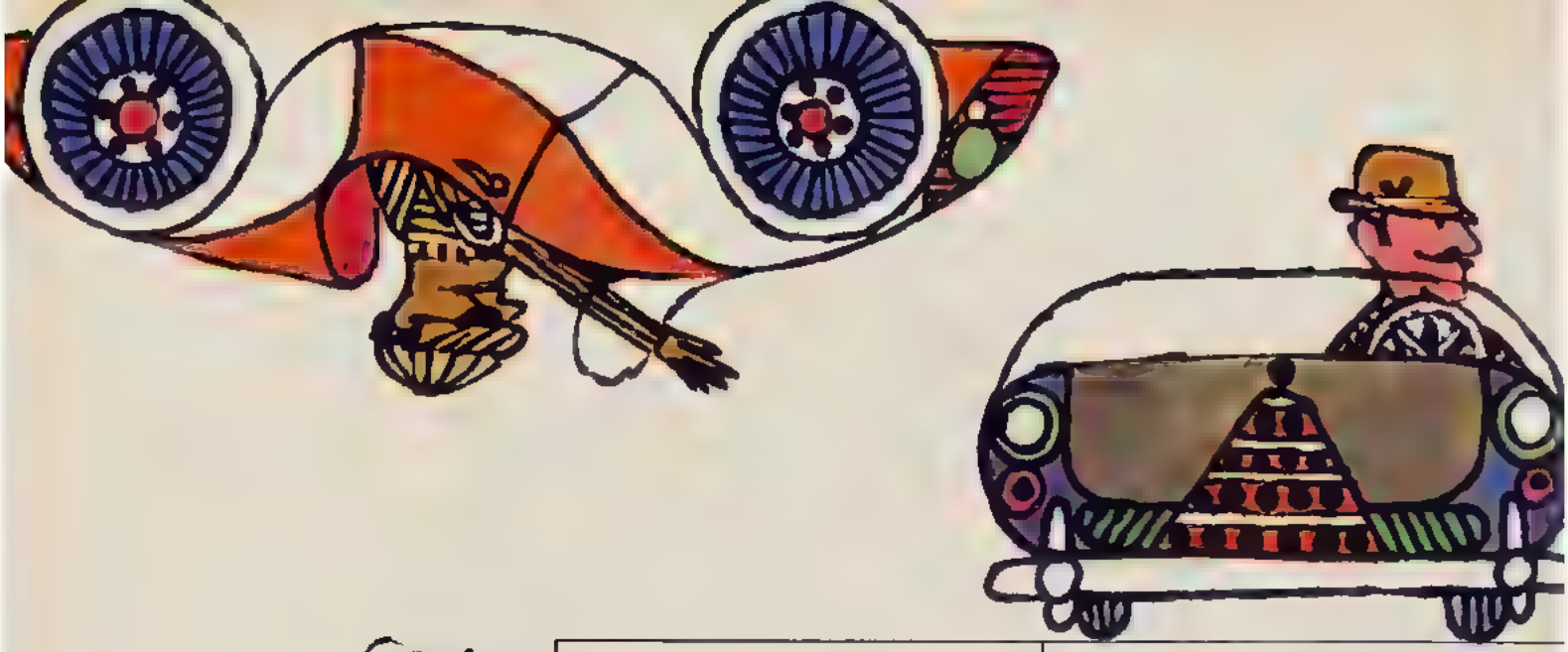
TRAPEZE can help a young lady get in swing of things, since men can tell that what's underneath is not a pyramid but a lissome lassie.

BALLOON dress—which used to make wearer look pregnant all over—will, in PLAYBOY's version, help good-looking girl's prospects soar.

SACK dress need no longer force girl to resemble half-empty bag of oats. Advantages of our happy variation are apparent to naked eye.



CHEMISE emphasizes that wearer is clearly member of opposite sex, will help devotees of Roaring Twenties welcome in the Sexy Sixties.



A GUIDE FOR GUYS ON THE STEERING COMMITTEE ON WHEN TO WAVE, WAVE BACK OR WAVER

IN 1939 THERE WERE probably not a hundred sports cars in the United States, so the problem was a simple one: when two drivers chanced to meet on the road, they exchanged brisk waves, perhaps accompanied by dignified bows (from the neck only). Even ten years later, with the sports-car count in the thousands and rising fast, one would not, except in Westchester County, Westport, Evanston and Greater Los Angeles, expect to meet so many sports-car brethren that greeting them would be much of an effort. But even then it was clear that some kind of pecking order was needed. Every once in a while an ugly little *impasse* was noted: the driver of a Stutz Bearcat waiting just too long before waving to a chap in an Alfa-Romeo 1750, for example.

Today, with sports cars of the high, middle and low degree as common in the land as the red ant, the problem is acute. Should one wave to every MG that buzzes past? Strict adherence to this policy, democratic and admirable as it might be, would give one a case of pitcher's arm within two hours, and would constitute a traffic hazard to boot. Of course, one might wave only to the drivers of one's own make of car, but to do so would certainly indicate intellectual aridity, and a tendency toward deviation, since a primary element of the Sports Car Ethic lays down that all sports-car drivers owe allegiance to the Modern Group in the fight against the common, Big Car, Pre-sliced White Bread Eater, Tourist-type people.

To wave at everything, though, is not only time-consuming and dangerous, as above cited, but socially unthinkable: it would break down all standards and open the floodgates to all kinds of indiscriminate interpersonal relationships. No. Some bounds, some restraints there must be. Do policemen smile at hoodlums? Does an Astor slap a Glotz on the back? By the same token, could a Ferrari driver wave first — or indeed at all — to an Opel Rekord? The very thought is absurd. On the other hand, what does a Jaguar driver do if he's accosted, as it were, by the owner of a Lotus Elite?

In an attempt to bring order out of this chaos, PLAYBOY has prepared the accompanying chart. You will note that a selection (rather arbitrary and incomplete, let us say here and now) of sports cars has been listed from top to bottom and from left to right in descending order of Prestige Factor (P.F.).

To use the chart, memorize it. Or cut it out and paste it in the corner of your windshield. When you see another sports car coming, read *across* the column until you come to your car's name. Then read down until you come to the name of the other fellow's car and take the action indicated in the area in which the two lines cross.

Note that in passing a car of the same make as your own, it is proper to wave just as the other chap does — that is, simultaneously. However, if your car has, let us say, wire wheels with knock-off hubs and his has bolt-on disks, you may properly hesitate perceptibly before waving. If the approaching car is above yours in Status, you should wave first; if it is below yours, wave last. If it is *well* below yours, don't wave at all.

And, finally, if you are approached by the ultimate — a stripped, semi-wrecked Bugatti 57SC — what you must do is stop your car, get out, and salute.

satire **BY RICHARD G. GOULD**

THE PECKING ORDER OF SPORTS CARS

AND YOU MEET A ↓ / IF YOU'RE IN A →	Bugatti 57SC	Mercer Raceabout (T-head)	Blower Bentley	Duesenberg SJ	Rolls-Royce P-II Continental	Hispano-Suiza Boulogne	Ferrari 250 GT	Maserati 3500 GT	Aston Martin DB4	Mercedes-Benz 300SL	Bentley Continental	Porsche 1600 Carrera	Fiat-Abarth-Zagato	Jaguar XK 150S	Lancia GT	Morgan SS Three-Wheeler	MG TC	Mercedes-Benz 540K	Lotus Elite	Alfa-Romeo Giulietta	Austin-Healey	Auburn 13 Boat-Tail	MG A	Corvette	SAAB GT	Triumph TR3	Volvo	Mercedes-Benz 190SL	MG TD	MG TF
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O You New York Girls

(continued from page 22)

dingy. Some old leather chairs and an old leather sofa were grouped around a fireplace. The receptionist's desk looked blackened with age. But the girl behind it was fresh and pretty.

"Mr. Stagg will see you right away," she said to Charles. "Will you come with me, please?"

"That would be a pleasure," Charles said.

Mr. Stagg's office had a worn oriental rug on the floor and a roll-top desk. Mr. Stagg was a big tall man, in his forties, Charles judged. His face was tanned and he wore a tan-colored suit and half-Wellington boots. He had hard hands and a gentle Southern voice.

"This job," he said, "I've had half a dozen bright young fellas in here asking about it. It's a job that wants the exact right man, Mr. Corday. Let's see if you're him."

Charles answered Mr. Stagg's questions respectfully and concisely. Mr. Stagg wanted to know much about Charles' New England family connections. It seemed to Charles that the diamonds in Mr. Stagg's cuff links were real and it occurred to him that old oriental rugs and roll-top desks could be collectors' items. There were two silver-mounted portrait photographs on the desk: one was of a beautiful woman and the other was of a beautiful young girl. They had the resemblance of sisters or mother and daughter, intriguing to Charles who was gathering his impressions obliquely.

Mr. Stagg started to talk about himself. "I'm like the man in the art gallery," he said. "I don't know anything about literature but I sure know what I like. My wife, she got me started on this business. Great one for writers, she was." He touched the photograph of the older woman. "Killed doing a hundred and twenty in her Cadillac outside of Fort Worth," he said, and shook his head. "I still can't believe it."

Charles smelled money, somewhere. Money that had been put into the publishing business, not taken out of it. "I need a sort of liaison man," Mr. Stagg was saying. "A man that'll get to know the business, and get to know *me*. I want my ideas to rub off onto him and I want him to be able to put them across. That can't happen overnight, so the money's according." He looked directly at Charles and Charles nodded.

Mr. Stagg's manner shifted. "You writing anything now, Mr. Corday?" he said.

Charles had decided that he wanted in. "Well, sir," he said, "I've got about half of a novel done."

"What's it about?"

"About life in a grammar school," Charles said.

"You'd know about that," Mr. Stagg said. "Where I come from," he said, "we size up a man quick. You size up good, Charles, real good. What do you think of my place, here?"

"The whole thing?" Charles said. "Why, it's very restful. Very easy. I'd think writers would like it. And I think it must have cost a lot to get the effect."

Mr. Stagg laughed and made a fist and rapped Charles on the shoulder. "You're a real smart one, Charles," he said. "You want to work for me?" He didn't wait for Charles to answer. "There's a little bit of an office for you just around the corner from the reception desk. It ain't much but it's like the money—up to you. And the receptionist, she's kind of new here too, you can have her whenever you need a girl."

The receptionist tapped at the door and came in, although Charles hadn't seen Mr. Stagg press any buttons. "See you tomorrow, Charles," Mr. Stagg said.

Charles followed the receptionist back through the carpeted hall, admiring her pretty bottom and the froufrou of her legs. "You can have her whenever you need a girl," his employer had said, but with the utmost seriousness; and Charles took note. Besides, there was a more immediate matter.

He called a girl he knew who was a junior editor on the staff of a women's magazine. "Tom Stagg?" she said. "Everybody knows about him. I know a lot of people who'd go into books if he'd give them a job."

"Well," Charles said, "why?"

"Because he's loaded, darling, that's why. He's one of those oil zillionaires, you know, rode around on one of his longhorns with no seat to his pants until he got the idea of digging holes in the arid ancestral acres. He married a Smith girl," the girl said, "since deceased, but Tom Stagg is still married to some of her aspirations."

"Good heavens," Charles said. "Does everybody in the publishing business know everything about everybody else?"

"Well," she said, "I'm not the only girl in the publishing business who knows where you've got the cutest mole, darling."

"Thanks for the information," Charles said. "All of it."

Even with his remittance still coming in Charles' salary was not enough for a move to the East Fifties. But a few carefully placed gratuities bought him a sublessee for the cold-water flat and found him a pleasant garden apartment uptown, below the park. He furnished it with some good reproductions and with such stay-a-while items as television, a bargain monaural hi-fi, a beginner's collection of erotica. This last struck him as so ridiculous that he was about to write it off as a mistake when he discovered its real usefulness. A man who displayed more than passing interest in it would likely turn out to be a clod; women who had an overt interest in it were women to be avoided.

Charles knew something about foods and wines and he learned more; he began entertaining in a small and select way and he continued to exercise his selective taste in women. It was now winter, with days of smog and slush and gray skies; but to Charles Corday it was a season of brilliance and of generous everlasting time. It was necessary to work, of course, and it was necessary to write because writing was the keystone of it all. His unfinished novel had been assigned to one of Mr. Stagg's editors.

"We'll publish it, all right," the editor said, "and entirely apart from your being the fair-haired boy around here. If we didn't, somebody else would and the Old Man would cut off our heads." He looked at Charles curiously. "When I went to school," he said, "there were kids like these." He touched Charles' script. "They belonged to another world. They weren't kids at all, not really."

"Perhaps they thought being kids was a waste of time," Charles said.

"I see," the editor said. He began to look embarrassed. "Well," he said, "I comment on the state of contemporary society when I say there'll be a readership for this."

"Charles," Mr. Stagg said later, "I knew that book of yours was going to be all right. I reckon you want to get it finished."

"Yes sir," Charles said. "I certainly do."

"So do I. Sit down, Charles," Mr. Stagg said. "You're not thinking of quitting your job with me on the strength of this, are you?"

Charles didn't know what Mr. Stagg was working up to, but he did know that Mr. Stagg admired crisp decisions. "No sir," he said.

"Good," Mr. Stagg said. "I'm mighty glad to hear that, Charles. I like the way you put my ideas across. Them editors of mine, they pay attention to my directives, when you write them."

And they'd like to murder me, Charles thought pleasantly.

"Now I've got a little proposition for you on that book, Charles," Mr. Stagg said. "Every writer needs a little practical help."

Money, Charles thought, at last. Tangible money.

"What'll you take, Charles," Mr. Stagg said, "a fifteen-hundred-dollar advance on your book, or banker's hours around here?"

Damn, Charles thought. "Banker's hours," he said, crisply.

"You look a long ways ahead, don't

(continued on page 78)

First Anniversary

fiction **By RICHARD MATHESON**

JUST BEFORE HE LEFT THE HOUSE on Thursday morning, Adeline asked him, "Do I still taste sour to you?"

Norman looked at her reproachfully.

"Well, do I?"

He slipped his arms around her waist and nibbled at her throat

"Tell me now," said Adeline.

Norman looked submissive

"Aren't you going to let me live it down?" he asked

"Well, you *said* it, darling. And on our first anniversary, too!"

He pressed his cheek to hers. "So I said it," he murmured. "Can't I be allowed a faux pas now and then?"

"You haven't answered me."

"Do you taste sour? Of course you don't." He held her close and breathed the fragrance of her hair. "Forgiven?"

She kissed the tip of his nose and smiled and, once more, he could only marvel at the fortune which had bestowed on him such a magnificent wife. Starting their second year of marriage, they were still like honeymooners.

Norman raised her face and kissed her

"Be damned," he said.

"What's wrong? Am I sour again?"

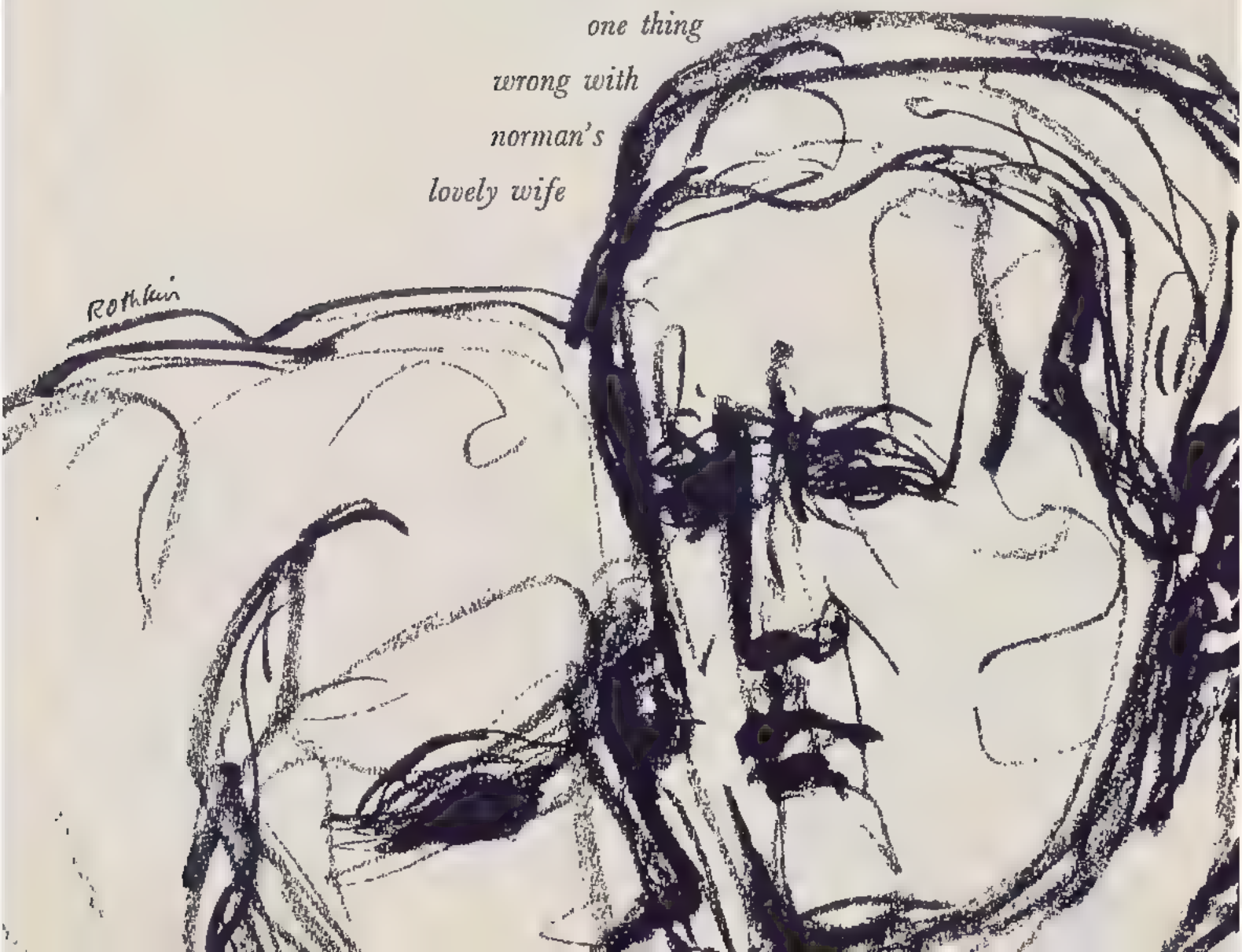
"No." He looked confused. "Now I can't taste you at all."

• • •

"Now you can't taste her at all," said Dr. Phillips.

Norman smiled. "I know it sounds ridiculous," he said. *(continued on page 66)*

there was only one thing wrong with norman's lovely wife



three piquant potations for slaking summer thirst

FRESH IDEAS FOR FROSTY COOLERS

Adventurous bibbers, or those of jaded palate who yearn for a change from the usual hot weather coolers, are referred to the three delightfully delectable quenchers shown here. Each has vigor and novelty, each is easy to construct, and all may be confidently predicted to wreath the summer quaffer's face in blissful smiles. Here's how:

BLACK VELVET, staunch yet immensely refreshing, is compounded of equal parts of good dark stout and champagne, poured into a pre-chilled schooner in the order of mention of the ingredients. Heady!

AMERICANO is an odd name for a drink few *Americanos* are familiar with. Help rectify this error by mixing two jiggers of sweet vermouth with one jigger of campari, adding ice cubes and a lemon twist, filling up with club soda. The result is tangy yet smooth, neither potent nor bland.

ICED IRISH COFFEE requires, merely, very strong coffee, ice cubes, a noggin of Irish whiskey. Pour the whiskey in a glass, add your preferred helping of granulated sugar (or be a sophisticate and don't sweeten at 'all), add ice cubes, fill with the coffee, drink it black or top with whipped cream or for the sweet-toothed — ice cream.

man's hope for cultural vitality lies beyond the earth

ROCKET TO THE RENAISSANCE

article
By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

IN A SLOW BUT IRRESISTIBLE EXPLOSION fueled by the energies of the Renaissance, European civilization started expanding into the unknown some four and a half centuries ago. No longer did Western man huddle around the Mediterranean, for he had discovered a new frontier beyond the sea. We know the very day he found it — and the day he lost it. The American frontier opened on October 12, 1492; it closed on May 10, 1869, when the last spike was driven into the transcontinental railroad.

In all the long history of man, ours is the first age with no new frontiers on land or sea, and many of our troubles stem from this fact. It is true that, even now, there are vast areas of the Earth still unexploited and even unexplored, but dealing with them will only be a mopping-up operation. Though the oceans will keep us busy for centuries to come, the countdown started, even for them, when the bathyscape *Trieste* descended into the ultimate deep of the Marianas Trench.

There are no more undiscovered continents; set out toward any horizon, and on its other side you will find someone already waiting to check your visa and your vaccination certificate.

This loss of the unknown has been a bitter blow to all romantics and adventurers. In the words of Walter Prescott Webb, the historian of the Southwest: "The end of an age is always touched with sadness. . . . The people are going to miss the frontier more than words can express. For centuries they heard its call, listened to its promise, and bet their lives and fortunes on its outcome. It calls no more . . ."

Professor Webb's lament, I am glad to say, is a few million years premature. Even while he was writing it in the small state of Texas, only a thousand miles to his west the vapor trails above White Sands were pointing to a frontier unimaginably vaster than any that our world has ever known — the frontier of space.

The road to the stars has been discovered none too soon. Civilization cannot exist without new frontiers; it needs them both physically and spiritually. The physical need is obvious — new lands, new resources, new materials. The spiritual need is less apparent, but in the long run it is more important. We do not live by bread alone; we need adventure, variety, novelty, romance. As the psychologists have shown by their sensory deprivation experiments, a man goes swiftly mad if he is isolated in a silent, darkened room, cut off completely from the external world. What is true of individuals is also true of societies; they too can become insane without sufficient stimulus.

It may seem over-optimistic to claim that man's forthcoming escape from Earth, and the crossing of interplanetary space, will trigger a new renaissance and break the patterns into which our society, and our arts, must otherwise freeze. Yet this is exactly what I propose to do; first, however, it is necessary to demolish some common misconceptions.

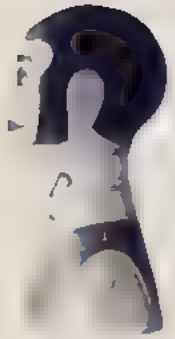
The space frontier is infinite, beyond all possibility of exhaustion; but the opportunity and the challenge it presents are both totally different from any that we have met on our own world in the past. All the moons and planets of our Solar System are strange, hostile places that may never harbor more than a few thousand human inhabitants, who will be at least as carefully hand-picked as the population of Los Alamos. The age of mass colonization has gone forever. Space has room for many things, but not for "your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . ." Any Statue of Liberty on Martian soil will have inscribed upon its base "Give me your nuclear physicists, your chemical engineers, your biologists and mathematicians." The immigrants of the Twenty-first Century will have much more in common with those of the Seventeenth Century than of the Nineteenth. For the Mayflower, it is worth remembering, was loaded to the scuppers with eggheads.

The often-expressed idea that the planets can solve the problem of over-population is thus a complete fallacy. Humanity is now increasing at the rate of some 100,000 souls a day, and no conceivable "space-lift" could make serious inroads into this appalling figure.

With present techniques, the combined military budgets of all nations might just about suffice to land ten men on the Moon every day. Yet even if space transportation were free, instead of being fabulously expensive, that would scarcely help matters, for there is not a single planet upon which men could live and work without elaborate mechanical aids. On all of them we shall need the paraphernalia of space-suits, synthetic air factories, pressure-domes, totally-enclosed hydroponic farms. One day *(continued on page 38)*

"Why talk of love at a time like this?!"

MANNEQUINS DESIGNED ESPECIALLY
FOR PLAYBOY BY SEBASTIAN DISPLAYS



attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

IN SPAIN THEY SAY *cierto tejido de lino.* Persians of yesteryear dubbed it *Shirushahar,* while Hindustani chaps called it *Sirsakar* literally "milk and sugar." To the British, it's Crimp. Fashionable American bucks latched onto it during the early part of this century and labeled it good old seersucker. It's been on the fashion scene — off and on — ever since. Trouble was, in the old days, after ten minutes or so on the body during a steamy summer's day, a seersucker suit or jacket made a guy look like he had slept in his duds all night. The general attitude toward seersucker by the well-attired man was that, if you were spending the summer in the deep South or in the tropics, you could forego the demands of looking well-pressed, but it had no place at posh resorts and certainly was not considered for business wear. No more. Seersucker's been resuscitated. Thanks to a touch of body-giving synthetics, the lightweight cotton fabric with the built-in pucker is as cool as it always was, and can now stand up to any sizzling situation and keep you looking crisp from sunup through the wee hours. To make the fabric even more appealing, this year's crop of seersucker breaks from the grandly traditional gray-and-white vertical stripe and is available in a whopping variety of fresh patterns: plaids, printed designs, brilliantly colored stripes and many solid colors. We're pleased to report, too, that most all of the new seersucker suits and jackets are cut along narrow, comfortable lines. Sure to be popular is the use of olive tones in a pin-stripe suit that includes a good-looking reversible vest. Trousers and jacket are slim cut and the vest adds a special dressed-up look. Jackets can play a smart double-duty role, too: worn over a lightweight flannel, worsted blend or seersucker solid slack, they can impart that relaxed, air-conditioned feeling. As if that weren't enough to trumpet the return of seersucker, the noble fabric is also available in a whole new range of apparel items that had never felt the cool touch of seersucker before: sport shirts, swim trunks, hats, etc. Very new and nifty in the summer wardrobe is the seersucker shirt, which you can get in the classic button-down collar. It's available in a pullover model, fly-front, in long or short sleeves. With your necktie removed, it becomes an eye-catching sport shirt; for a more regal occasion, an ascot changes the whole look. (Neckwear worn with these shirts should be cottons of small neat patterns or solid knits. Silks, foulards, etc., are too rich and should not be combined with the casual simplicity of seersucker.) A straight sport shirt in brilliant Roman stripes shows there is no end to the color possibilities of the new seersucker. This one — worn with or without an ascot — is perfect for casual fun in the sun. By the sea, seersucker swim trunks thanks to the addition of Dacron — are as fast-drying as any trunk on the market, are less bulky and cooler against the skin than most. In making your switch to seersucker, check out the items in the photo — every one is sensibly seersucker. **Top row,** left to right: striped Dacron and cotton swim trunks with plain front, extension waistband, zipper fly and elastic back inserts; fold neatly into their own back flap pocket for traveling, by Jantzen, $8. Striped pullover shirt with buttondown collar, three-button placket, back collar button and short sleeves, by Puritan, $5. Glen plaid wash-and-wear sports jacket, natural shoulders, slightly cutaway three-button front, hacking flap pockets, side vents, by H.I.S., $13. Dacron and cotton trousers, plain front, belt loops, quarter top pockets, by Mayhoff, $11.50. Suit with reversible brass-buttoned vest, natural shoulder, three-button jacket with flap patch pockets, center vent; trousers are plain front with belt loops, by McGregor, $30. **Bottom row,** left to right: checked wash-and-wear sports jacket, natural shoulders, slightly cutaway three-button front, hacking flap pockets, side vents, by H.I.S., $13. Striped flat-top hat, stitched snap brim, by Better Made, $5. Multi striped pullover shirt with sailcloth Italian collar, by Bartlay, $10.

a fine old fabric, now in a variety of fresh patterns

RENAISSANCE *(continued from page 34)*

our lunar and Martian colonies will be self supporting, but if we are looking for living room for our surplus population, it would be far cheaper to find it in the Antarctic, or even on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

No: the population battle must be fought and won here on Earth. Some of the obvious means — birth control, compulsory abortion and infanticide — are odious and/or contrary to the religious convictions of large segments of Earth's people. Though the planets cannot save us, this is a matter in which logic may not count. The weight of increasing numbers, the suffocating sense of pressure as the walls of the ant heap crowd ever closer, will help to power man's drive into space, even if no more than a millionth of humanity can ever go there.

Perhaps the battle is already lost, here on this planet. As Sir George Darwin has suggested in his depressing little book, *The Next Million Years*, ours may be a Golden Age, compared with the endless vistas of famine and poverty that must follow when the billions of the future fight over Earth's waning resources. If this is true, it is all the more vital that we establish self-sustaining colonies on the planets. They may have a chance of surviving, and preserving something of our culture, even if civilization breaks down completely on the mother world.

Though the planets can give no physical relief to the congested and impoverished Earth, their intellectual and emotional contributions may be enormous. The discoveries of the first expeditions, the struggles of the pioneers to establish themselves on other worlds — these will inspire a feeling of purpose and achievement among the stay-at-homes. They will know, as they watch their TV screens, that history is starting again. The sense of wonder, which we have almost lost, will return to life; and so will the spirit of adventure.

It is difficult to overrate the importance of this, though it is easy to poke fun at it by making cynical remarks about "escapism." Only a few people can be pioneers or discoverers, but everyone who is even half alive occasionally feels the need for adventure and excitement. If you require proof of this, look at the countless horse-operas now galloping across the ether. The myth of a West that never was has been created to fill the vacuum in our modern lives, and it fills it well. Sooner or later, however, one tires of myths (many of us have long since tired of *this* one), and then it is time to seek new territory. There is a poignant symbolism in the fact that the giant rockets now stand poised on the edge of the Pacific, where the covered wagons halted only two lifetimes ago.

Already, a slow but profound reorientation of our culture is under way, as men's thoughts become polarized toward space. Even before the first living creature left Earth's atmosphere, the process had started in many segments of our society. Space-toys for the very young have been commonplace for years; comic strips and movie serials such as *Buck Rogers* and *Flash Gordon* have been read and watched by millions; cartoons and "Take me to your leader" jokes have been enjoyed by vast numbers of people. Increasing awareness of the Universe has even, alas, contributed to our psychopathology. A fascinating parallel could be drawn between the flying saucer cults and the witchcraft mania of the Seventeenth Century. The mentalities involved are the same.

As the exploration of our Solar System proceeds, human society will become more and more permeated with the ideas, discoveries and experiences of astronautics. They will have their greatest effect, of course, upon the men and women who actually go out into space to establish either temporary bases or permanent colonies on the planets. Because we do not know what they will encounter, it is scarcely profitable to speculate about the societies that may evolve, a hundred or a thousand years from now, upon the Moon, Mars, Venus, Titan and the other major solid bodies of the Solar System. (We can write off the giant planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, which have no stable surfaces.) The outcome of our ventures in space must await the verdict of history; certainly we will witness, on a scale their author never imagined, the testing of Toynbee's laws of "Challenge and Response." In this context, these words from the abridged *Study of History* are well worth pondering: "Affiliated civilizations . . . produce their most striking early manifestations in places outside the area occupied by the 'parent' civilization. The superiority of the response evoked by new ground is most strikingly illustrated when the new ground has to be reached by a sea-passage. . . . Peoples occupying frontier positions, exposed to constant attack, achieve a more brilliant development than their neighbors in more sheltered positions."

Alter "sea" to "space" and the analogy is obvious; as for the "constant attack," nature will provide this more competently than any merely human adversaries. Ellsworth Huntington has summed up the same idea in a memorable phrase, pointing out that the march of civilization has been "coldward and stormward." The time has come now to pit our skill and resolution against climates and environments more hostile than any that this Earth can show.

As has happened so often in the past, the challenge may be too great. We may establish colonies on the planets, but they may be unable to maintain themselves at more than a marginal level of existence, with no energy left over to spark any cultural achievements. History has one parallel as striking as it is ominous, for long ago the Polynesians achieved a technical tour de force which may well be compared with the conquest of space. By establishing regular maritime traffic across the greatest of oceans, writes Toynbee, they "... won their footing on the specks of dry land which are scattered through the watery wilderness of the Pacific almost as sparsely as the stars are scattered through space." But the effort defeated them at last, and they relapsed into primitive life. We might never have known of their astonishing achievement had they not left, on Easter Island, a memorial that can hardly be overlooked. There may be many Easter Islands of space in the eons to come — abandoned planets littered not with monoliths but with the equally enigmatic debris of another defeated technology.

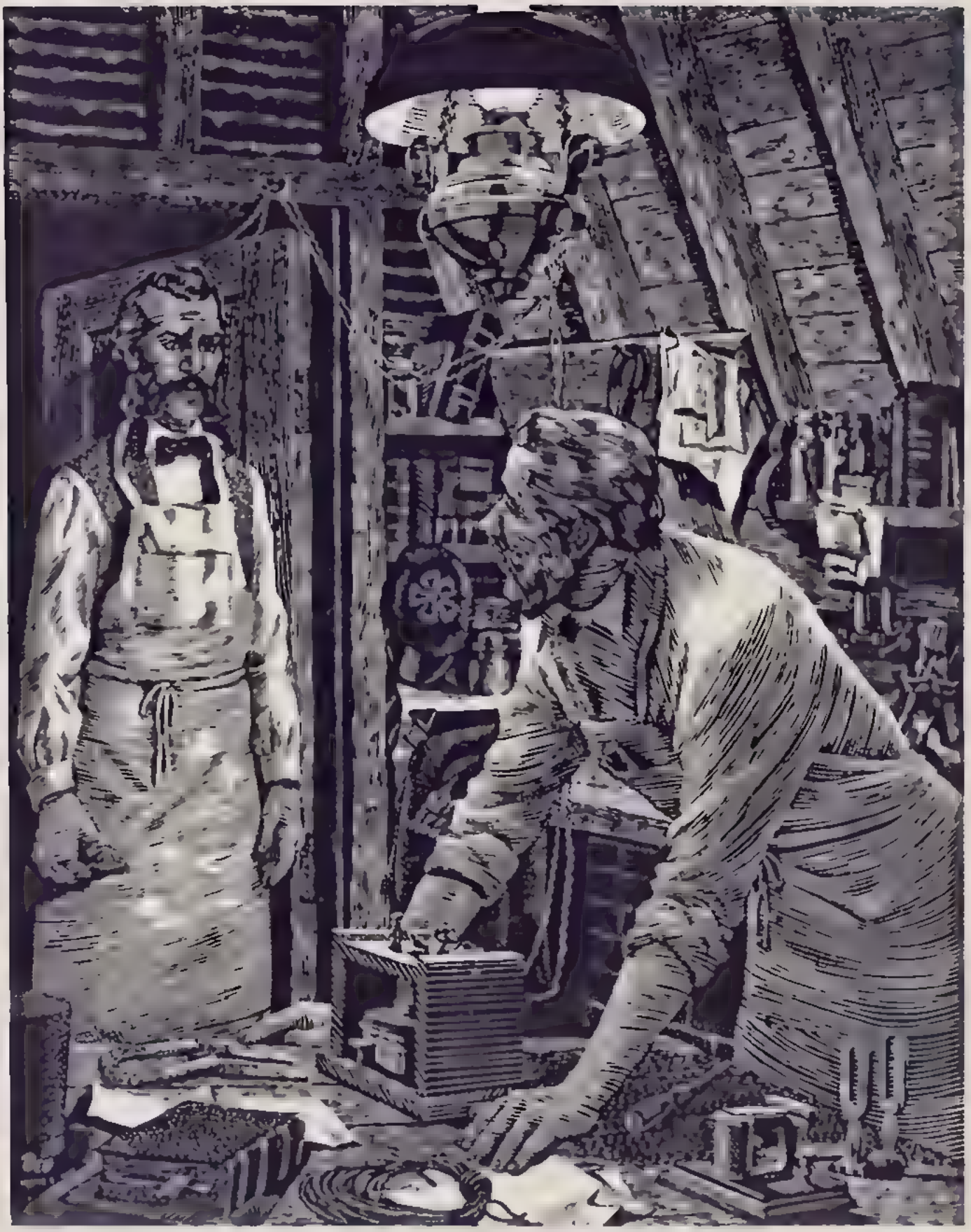
Whatever the eventual outcome of our exploration of space, we can be reasonably certain of some immediate benefits — and I am deliberately ignoring such "practical" returns as the multi-billion-dollar improvements in weather forecasting and communications, which may in themselves put space-travel on a paying basis. The creation of wealth is certainly not to be despised, but in the long run the only human activities really worth-while are the search for knowledge and the creation of beauty. This is beyond argument; the only point of debate is which comes first.

Only a small part of mankind will ever be thrilled to discover the electron density around the Moon, the precise composition of the Jovian atmosphere, or the strength of Mercury's magnetic field. Though the existence of whole nations may one day be determined by such facts, and others still more esoteric, these are matters that concern the mind, and not the heart. Civilizations are respected for their intellectual achievements; they are loved — or despised — for their works of art. Can we even guess, today, what art will come from space?

Let us first consider literature, for the trajectory of any civilization is most accurately traced by its writers. To quote again from Professor Webb's *The Great Frontier*, "We find that in general each nation's Golden Age coincides more or less with that nation's supremacy in frontier activity. . . . It seems that as the frontier boom got under way in any country, the literary genius of that nation was liberated . . ."

The writer cannot escape from his en

(continued on page 48)



"It seems to be working all right, Mr. Bell, but I keep getting a busy signal."

"You're not taking full advantage of the medium . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM GRAHAM AND EDMUND TEJA.

miss july enjoys life on the briny deep **SHIP SHAPE**

MISS JULY

THE DELIGHTS OF YACHTING ARE too well known to require exhaustive comment here, but potential yachtsmen should be apprised that it's possible to find a First Mate for a trim craft who is a trim craft herself. Such a one is Miss July: Teddi Smith, a nubile native of Van Nuys, California. Weekdays she works as a receptionist, but every weekend, she undergoes a sea change and turns into the sweetest of sailors, manning a tiller with the best of them and showing the coast line's shapeliest pair of sea legs in the process.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We find ourself in complete accord with the etiquette expert who says that only well-reared girls should wear slacks.

Some women, like prizefighters, won't go into action until they see a ring.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *strip poker* as a game in which the more you lose the more you have to show for it.

Sylvester was a sprightly ninety years of age when he married Elizabeth, who was a resoundingly ripe eighteen year old. As they prepared for bed on their wedding night, he asked her:

"Tell me, sweet child, did your mother tell you the facts of life?"

She blushed furiously from her hair line to the tips of her toes.

"No," she shyly murmured.

"That's a great pity," he said, "because I'm afraid I've forgotten them."

When a girl says she's got a boyish figure, it's usually straight from the shoulder.

A friend of ours has come up with the David and Goliath cocktail—a small one and you're stoned.

She was sweet, she was breath-takingly lovely, and she was alone. Most of the men in the cocktail lounge were awed by her beauty, but afraid to approach her. Not so Augie. He downed his drink, straightened his tie, and gracefully slid onto the stool next to hers, favoring her with a warm smile.

"You know," he began smoothly, "I hate to see a young girl like you ruin her reputation and destroy her character by hanging around a bar. Let me take you someplace where the atmosphere is quiet and more refined, like my apartment."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *neurotic* as a woman who likes a psychiatrist's couch better than a double bed.

Men with money to burn have started many a girl playing with fire.

Advice to the exhausted: When wine, women and song become too much for you, give up singing.

If all the world loves a lover, why do they have hotel detectives?

Pierre, the passionate masseur, was recently fired when he rubbed a lady customer the wrong way.

When Harry returned looking tanned and rested, his secretary asked him about his vacation.

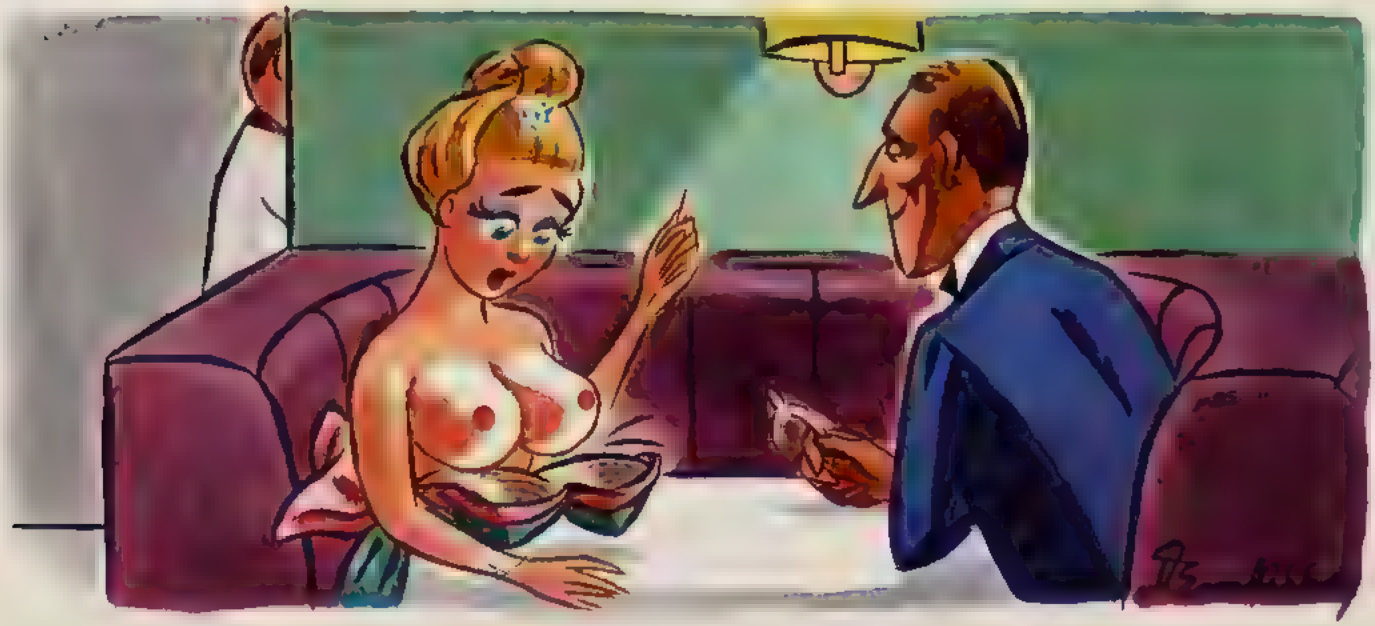
"Well," he replied, "a friend of mine invited me up to his hunting lodge—a quiet, secluded place. No night life, no parties, not a woman within a hundred miles."

"Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"Who went?" he said.

Sometimes a girl can attract a man by her mind, but more often she can attract him by what she doesn't mind.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*



RENAISSANCE *(continued from page 38)*

vironment, however hard he tries. (If Lewis Carroll had lived today, he might have given us not *Alice*, but *Lolita*.) When the frontier is open we have Homer and Shakespeare or — to choose less Olympian examples nearer to our own age — Melville, Whitman and Mark Twain. When it is closed, the time has come for Tennessee Williams and the Beatniks — and for Proust, whose horizon was a cork-lined room.

It is too naive to imagine that astronautics will restore the epic and the saga in anything like their original forms; space-flight will be too well documented (Homer started off with the great advantage of being untrammeled by too many facts). But surely the discoveries and adventures, the triumphs and inevitable tragedies that must accompany man's drive toward the stars will one day inspire a new heroic literature, and bring forth latter-day equivalents of *The Golden Fleece*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Moby Dick*, *Robinson Crusoe* or *The Ancient Mariner*.

The fact that the conquest of the air has done nothing of the sort must not be allowed to confuse the issue. It is true that the literature of flight is very sparse (Lindbergh and Saint-Exupéry are almost the only examples that come to mind), but the reason is obvious. The aviator spends only a few hours in his element, and travels to places that are already known. (In the few cases where he flies over unexplored territory, he is seldom able to land there.) The space-voyager, on the other hand, may be on his way for weeks, months or years, to regions that no man has ever seen save dimly through a telescope. Space-flight has, therefore, very little in common with aviation, it is much closer in spirit to ocean voyaging, which has inspired so many of our greatest works of literature.

It is perhaps too early to speculate about the impact of space-flight on music and the visual arts. Here again one can only hope — and hope is certainly needed, when one looks at the canvases upon which the contemporary painters all too accurately express their psyches. The prospect for modern music is a little more favorable; now that electronic computers have been taught to compose it, we may confidently expect that before long some of them will learn to enjoy it, thus saving us the trouble.

Maybe these ancient art-forms have come to the end of the line, and the still unimaginable experiences that await us beyond the atmosphere will inspire new forms of expression. The low or non-existent gravity, for example, will certainly give rise to a strange, other-worldly architecture, fragile and delicate as a dream. And what, I wonder, will *Swan Lake* be like on Mars when the dancers have only a third of their terrestrial weight — or on the Moon, where they will have merely a sixth?

The complete absence of gravity — a sensation which no human being has ever experienced since the beginning of the world, yet which is mysteriously familiar in dreams — will have a profound impact upon every type of human activity. It will make possible a whole constellation of new sports and games, and transform many existing ones.

• • •

All our esthetic ideas and standards are derived from the natural world around us, and it may well turn out that many of them are peculiar to Earth. No other planet has blue skies and seas, green grass, hills softly rounded by erosion, rivers and waterfalls, a single brilliant moon. Nowhere in space will we rest our eyes upon the familiar shapes of trees and plants, or any of the animals who share our world. Whatever life we meet will be as strange and alien as the nightmare creatures of the ocean abyss, or of the insect empire whose horrors are normally hidden from us by their microscopic scale. It is even possible that the physical environments of the other planets may turn out to be unbearably hideous; it is equally possible that they will lead us to new and more universal ideas of beauty, less limited by our Earth-bound upbringing.

The existence of extraterrestrial life is, of course, the greatest of the many unknowns awaiting us on the planets. We are now fairly certain that there is some form of vegetation on Mars; the seasonal color changes, coupled with recent spectroscopic evidence, give this a high degree of probability. As Mars is an old and perhaps dying world, the struggle for existence may have led to some weird results. We had better be careful when we land.

Where there is vegetation, there may be higher forms of life; given sufficient time, nature explores all possibilities. Mars has had plenty of time, so those parasites on the vegetable kingdom known as animals may have evolved there. They will be very peculiar animals, for they will have no lungs. There is not much purpose in breathing when the atmosphere is practically devoid of oxygen.

Beyond this, biological speculation is not only pointless but distinctly unwise, since we will know the truth within another ten or twenty years — and perhaps much sooner. The time is fast approaching when we will discover, once and for all, whether the Martians exist.

Contact with a contemporary non-human civilization will be the most exciting thing that has ever happened to our race; the possibilities for good and evil are endless. Within a decade or so, some of the classic themes of science-fiction may enter the realm of practical politics. It is much more likely, however, that if Mars ever has produced intelligent life, we have missed it by geological ages. Since all the planets have been in existence for at least five *billion* years, the probability of cultures flourishing on two of them simultaneously must be extremely small.

Yet the impact of even an extinct civilization could be overwhelming; the European Renaissance, remember, was triggered by the rediscovery of a culture that flourished more than a thousand years earlier. When our archaeologists reach Mars, they may find waiting for them a heritage as great as that which we owe to Greece and Rome. The Chinese scholar Hu Shih has remarked: "Contact with strange civilizations brings new standards of value, with which the native culture is re-examined and re-evaluated, and conscious reformation and regeneration are the natural outcome." Hu Shih was speaking of the Chinese literary renaissance, circa 1915. Perhaps these words may apply to a terrestrial renaissance, a century hence.

We should not, however, pin too much hope on Mars, or upon any of the worlds of our Solar System. If intelligent life exists elsewhere in the Universe, we may have to seek it upon the planets of other suns. They are separated from us by a gulf millions — repeat, *millions* — of times greater than that dividing us from our next-door neighbors Mars and Venus. Until a few years ago, even the most optimistic scientists thought it impossible that we could ever span this frightful abyss, which light itself takes years to cross at a tireless 670,000,000 miles an hour. Yet now, by one of the most extraordinary and unexpected breakthroughs in the history of technology, there is a good chance that we may contact intelligence *outside* our Solar System before we discover the humblest mosses or lichens inside it.

This break-through has been in electronics. It now appears that by far the greater part of our exploration of space will be by radio. It can put us in touch with worlds that we can never visit — even with worlds that have long since ceased to exist. The radio telescope, and not the rocket, may be the instrument that first establishes contact with intelligence beyond the Earth.

Even a decade ago, this idea would have seemed absurd. But now we have receivers of such sensitivity, and antennas of such enormous size, that we can hope to pick up radio signals from the nearer stars — if there is anyone out there to send them. The search for such signals began early in 1960 at the Na-

(continued on page 83)

for that extra fillip of fun out of doors — portable, plugless gadgets

you can take it with you

modern living

SUMMER SOJOURNS — to shimmering seaside or sylvan mountain glen — turn into twice as much fun when you tuck into your tote bag a gaggle of electronic entertainers, lightweight and transistorized for portability and precise performance. 1. Burton transistor radio built into sunglasses; station selector, aerial and earphone in temples; optically ground and polished glass, by Precision Electronics, $34.50. 2. Safari battery-or-AC portable television set, in black cowhide case, by Philco, $250. 3. Executive battery-operated dual-track tape recorder, single-knob operation, 3¾ and 1⅞ ips speeds, shown with wrist-watch microphone, by Scopus Brockway, $170. 4. Vulcan Fire Maker with 500-hour motor, by Rowley, $12. 5. Wondergram battery-powered phonograph, 33⅓ and 45 rpm speeds, dual-tipped sapphire cartridge, by Emerson, $68. 6. Electra power converter plugs into car lighter, converts car current to standard, by Terado, $25. 7. Startone seven-transistor clock-radio, by Pentron, $50. 8. Sportsman's pocket-sized geiger counter, by Gelman, $89. 9. Spacemate seven-transistor radio with standard and short-wave bands, telescoping antenna, leather case, shoulder strap, earphone, by Bulova, $60. 10. Ski-Talkie two-way intercom for use between towboat and skier, transistorized amplifier, three floats keep 75 feet of line on surface, by Airguide, $65. 11. Seven-transistor radio in shatterproof case, built-in antenna operates on two penlight batteries, by Westinghouse, $45.

"And please let Mr. Folger be as rich as I think he is."

WILBUR FONTS FOR PRESIDENT

fiction By JEREMY DOLE

THREE . . . TWO . . . ONE . . . ZERO! I arose from my swivel chair like an Atlas missile and exploded with a glad cry of joy. It was five o'clock at last, the magic hour that marked the beginning of my vacation from *Era*, a news magazine noted principally for its emaciated pay checks.

I was already on my way to the door when it flew open, and there was Eddie, showing a mouthful of festive teeth.

"Let's go, dad," he cried, and forked his fingers in a Churchillian V. "I have nothing to offer you but vodka, whiskey, Scotch and gin."

"The only thing we have to fear is beer itself," I replied, after only twenty seconds' thought, and we were on our merry way.

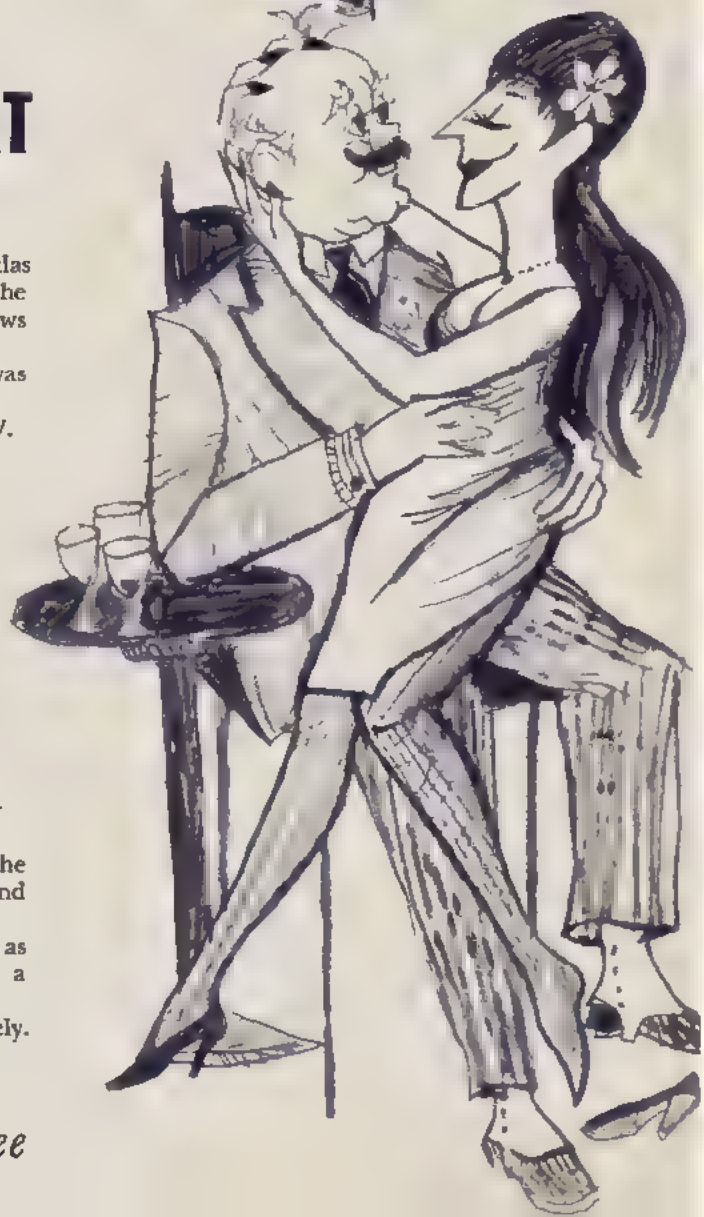
Eddie was my French-Canadian roommate and, when sober, *Era*'s top camera. We had decided to take our vacations together that spring, exploring the asphalt jungle of New York, visiting the head waiters of upper Fifth Avenue and, in particular, examining the tribal customs of two comely natives of the Copacabana whom we hoped would prove as friendly as their gymnastic dancing promised.

We were cruising down the hall toward the elevator when it happened. The door to the Managing Editor's office sucked open and the M.E. himself, Fighting Bob Maxfield, appeared. He impaled us with his stiletto eyes and murmured, "I wonder if I might see you fellows for a minute."

It was like Eisenhower asking the caddie if he might please have the putter. We straggled into the office known affectionately as Stalag 17 and stood uneasily while he ignited a cigar.

Fighting Bob was a little man with a flip-top temper and a tongue as soothing as a guillotine. He massaged his stomach thoughtfully for a moment and then smiled.

"Guys," he began, "you've been doing absolutely top-hole work lately.



a congressman at large in gamy gay paree

I don't want you to think it's gone unappreciated. Jack—" he punched me sincerely on the shoulder—"Jack boy, I liked the way you handled Miss Solid Fuel Propellant in your last interview."

"So did she," I said, but my heart wasn't in it.

"And Eddie, your pix encourage a refreshment of faith in the art of news photography. In these days of—"

"Bob," Eddie interrupted, "our vacation started three minutes ago. We'd like to help you out with whatever you want, but at this very moment two postgraduate nymphets are crying piteously for food and drink. Sorry, but that's the way the mop flops."

"Yes," I added, enlarging upon this theme, "that's the way the snowball splatters."

Fighting Bob pressed his hand to the place where his heart would be if he had one. "Please, fellows," he said. "I was only thinking of your best interests. I was under the illusion that you might like an *all-expense-paid* trip to Paris. Obviously I was wrong. Go, play footsie with your female girls. I guess I'll just have to find someone else." He faced the window, a tragic silhouette against the Bloody Mary wash of sunset.

Eddie and I studied each other. "All expenses paid," Eddie murmured, as in a benediction.

"Perhaps, Bob, we spoke hastily," I said, speaking hastily. "What's the pitch?"

"This," said Fighting Bob, twirling from the window and putting all his marked cards upon the table. "The Old Man—" he pointed upward with his cigar toward the cloud-washed suite where the Editor in Chief resided in Olympian splendor—"is a close friend of one Congressman Wilbur T. Fonts. The Congressman has decided to take a fast trip to Europe. He wants to take with him one bright young man to handle public relations—setting up press conferences, that sort of thing—and one bright young photographer to record the visit for posterity.

"I realize this isn't your usual line of work. But since you two are—you will pardon the expression—*hors de combat* for the next fortnight, you have been recommended for the job."

"Sounds great to me," said Eddie. "Isn't this Fonts the one who plays the fiddle during election campaigns? The guy they call Weepin' Wilbur?"

"The very same. How about you, Jack?"

"You bet, coach," I said. "When do we suit up?"

"Congressman Fonts is waiting for you in his suite at the Waldorf. He'll set it up in type for you. Of course," he added, hooding his eyes like a cobra, "it goes without saying that if the Congressman isn't completely satisfied with your work the Old Man will be very, very annoyed. . ."

"That's all right," I said with a hollow laugh. "There's always a market for pencils on Madison Avenue at this time of year."

"That's very clever," said Fighting Bob, chuckling with the lovable warmth of the Marquis de Sade. "Have a fun trip, hear?"

• • •

The portal to the congressional chambers was opened by a cadaverous young man outfitted in Shroud Gray. "I am Congressman Fonts' personal secretary," he intoned. "Who are you?"

"Relatives of the deceased," I told him. "I hope that he died well and truly."

"Congressman," he shouted at his left shoulder, "your public relations people are here." He gave us a look that would have chilled Sergeant Preston in his prime and added, "Kindly follow me."

We walked into a living room the size of a private airfield. Congressman Fonts stood before the vast fireplace, jiggling up and down like a man mixing martinis in his stomach. "Come in!" he commanded. "Sit down! Timothy, bring these lads a drink!"

He was short and swarthy and stark naked save for his shorts, and he had a little black mustache which he licked like an ice-cream cone when excited. "Fonts is the name," he told us brusquely. "Wilbur T. Fonts. And I'll tell you straight off, I like you. You're *folks*. Praise be to God I've never lost my contacts with the grass roots."

He began to pace back and forth in the heather of a thick rug. "Understand this," he said. "I do not actively seek the highest office in our land. But—" he pointed at Eddie accusingly—"if destiny has singled me out to carry the frightful burdens of the Presidency, I will not play the coward and step aside. I shall not shirk a public mandate. I want that perfectly clear."

He stalked to the mantelpiece and hefted an ancient fiddle. "You see this old cat gut? I reckon I've played it every campaign I've ever been in. Weepin' Wilbur, they call me. The Bow Jester. Plain as an old shoe, if you want to know the truth. But I'm going to level with you boys. This old fiddle just isn't enough any more. A man's got to grow with the times."

"Yes sir," said Eddie. "We were wondering if you'd explain to us about this trip to Paris—"

"Exactly!" he cried. "Now you take your Kennedy, your Nixon, your Symington. What, I ask, have they got I don't? Eh? I'll tell you. Just one lousy thing. They got international stature. You see what I mean?"

Eddie went skindiving in his Scotch. "Not exactly," he said, as he came up for air.

"Their public image is associated with world problems," explained the Congressman, bobbing up and down impatiently. "They have rubbed elbows with what's-his-name, this Khrushchev. I mean who needs fiddles? No sir, these days you've got to put on your walking shoes and *go!*"

"In other words," I said slowly, "you want us to help you achieve international stature—"

He closed his eyes and beamed at the ceiling. "Congressman Fonts hailed by De Gaulle," he murmured. "Fonts in two-hour session with NATO leaders. Adenauer calls Fonts champion of peace." He executed a neat *pas de deux* and headed for the bar. "Do you get the big picture?" he cried excitedly.

"I think so," I said. My picture was a picture of Paris.

"Fine!" boomed the Congressman. "I like men with vision. Especially those who understand news media. You be at Idlewild at eight tomorrow morning."

Timothy, the secretary, showed us to the door.

"Eight o'clock," he said ominously. "does not mean eight-oh-five."

"I will add that to my collection of immortal sayings," I promised.

That evening Eddie and I furthered our research in the care and feeding of chorus girls. We found them grateful, and generous to a fault.

We trickled aboard the 707 just minutes before she leapt yowling toward the east. Congressman Fonts greeted us with a limp flexing of his brow. He looked gray as Eighth Avenue snow.

"Morning," I said thickly.

"Stop pestering me," said Congressman Fonts. "Go to sleep."

So I crawled into my seat and went to sleep, and when I opened my eyes again the lovely avenues of Paris were pinwheeling beneath our port wing and all our hangovers were lost somewhere at sea.

I poked Eddie awake and he blinked for a moment at the band-aid runways of Orly. "Say," he said, "I forgot to ask you. You know anything at all about public relations?"

"Not a thing," I said. "All I know is that Weepin' Wilbur better come out of this trip smelling like a rose, or our names will be ground up and sold for fertilizer."

Being in the entourage of a Congressman has definite advantages when landing in a foreign airfield. We were passed through Customs like hot croissants and in a matter of moments were being whisked through velvet dusk toward our hotel. Congressman Fonts popped his head in and out the windows of our taxi like a little boy. "There's nothing like geography," he told us

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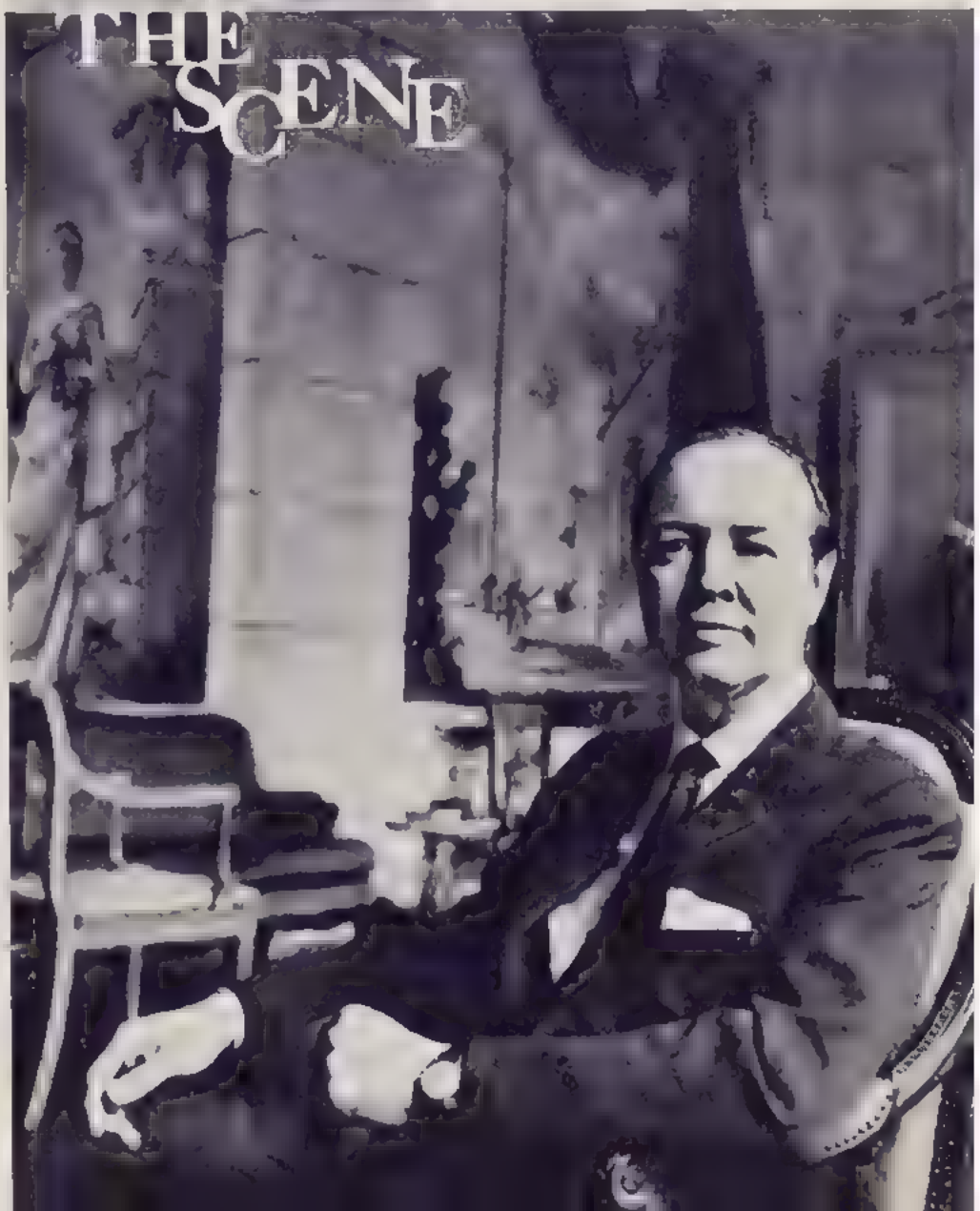
ORNETTE COLEMAN:
beyond the dreams of adolphe

JAZZ AND SYMPHONY TITAN LEONARD Bernstein flipped over the sounds coming from the strange-looking plastic instrument, leaped onto the bandstand of New York's Five Spot to better dig them, then invited their creator to Carnegie Hall. That creator was Ornette Coleman, thirty, gentle and retiring as a Trappist, who has but one seemingly simple goal: to successfully emulate the warmth and fluidity of the human voice on his alto sax. Shelly Manne says Coleman's already achieved it: "Sounds like someone crying or laughing when he plays." Others have said: "Coleman is making a unique and valuable contribution to 'tomorrow's' music" (Nat Hentoff); "the only really new thing in jazz since the innovations [of Bird and Diz] in the mid-Forties" (pianist John Lewis); "wild sounds that Adolphe Sax never dreamed of" (Whitney Ballictt); and representing the opposition — "structureless, meandering" (John S. Wilson). Coleman's recent success comes after several shapeless years in L.A., was precipitated by a couple of far-out, talked-about LPs (*Tomorrow Is the Question*, *The Shape of Jazz to Come*). Why, ask some, is Coleman preoccupied with this human voice kick? Shyly, haltingly, he tries to tell you: "Music is — is for our *feelings*." Controversial Coleman has had his plastic sax smashed by a New Orleans audience that didn't cotton to his sounds. Of that odd sax, he explains: "I needed a new horn and couldn't afford a brass one. Better a cheap horn than an old horn that leaks, y'know? But after living with this plastic one here, it's begun to take on my emotions. The tone seems breathier than brass, but I like it. More human."

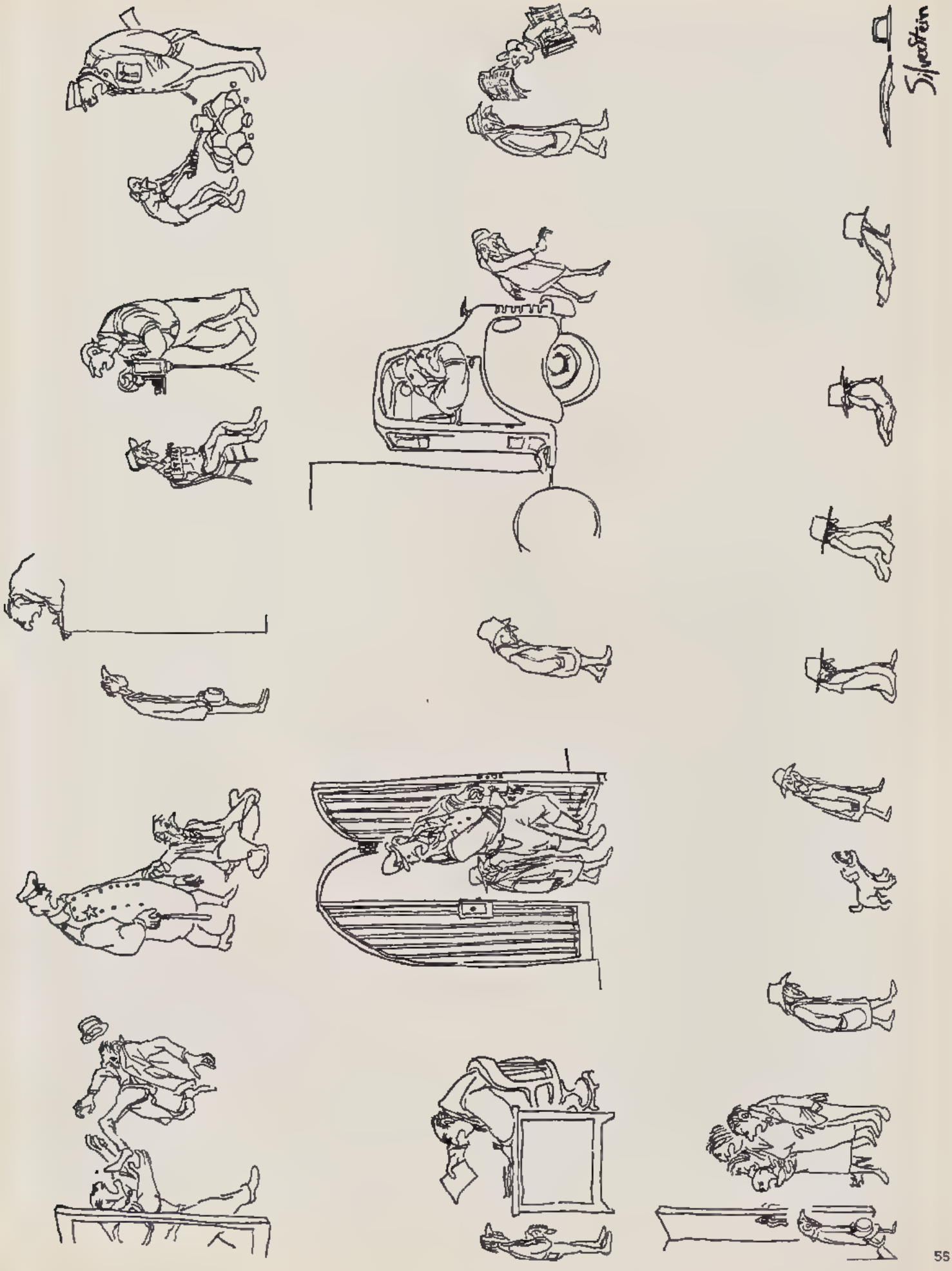
THE SCENE



EARL BLACKWELL:
who's who and where

WHAT'S BRIGITTE BARDOT'S HOME ADDRESS? This burning question can be answered by leafing to page 52 of the new 864-page, five-pound, $26 *Celebrity Register*, a brisk though bulky book that provides lively biographies, photos and inside information on 2240 famous and infamous, national and international figures — from Hank Aaron to Vera Zorina. The key force in conceiving and assembling *Celebrity Register* (upper-crust expert Cleveland Amory served as editor-in-chief) was publisher Earl Blackwell, a dapper forty-seven-year-old bachelor who has constructed a formidable $500,000-a-year empire — Celebrity Service — out of an energetic interest in the doings of the well-to-do and do-it-wells. With the aid of a harried staff, packed file cabinets and a battery of phones in New York, Hollywood, London, Paris and Rome, Blackwell keeps his subscription-only clients (radio-TV execs, columnists and the like) posted on the doings of more than 100,000 big names. He does so in his *Celebrity Bulletin*, a collection of one-liners on big-doers issued five days a week; his *Social Calendar*, a monthly listing of important openings and parties; his *Theatrical Calendar*, a weekly dopesheet on New York stage happenings, and his annual *Contact Book*, which is just that. Blackwell spends much of his time meeting, escorting, dining with and informally interviewing members of the news-making set, loves every minute of it, hopes to revise and issue *Celebrity Register* each year "if everybody is as celebrity-struck as I am." It looks like they are.

THE QUIET MAN



"Great Jupiter — 'twould seem to be a perfect XXXVI-XXIV-XXXIV!"

I ONLY WANT A SWEETHEART, NOT A BUDDY

article **By WILLIAM IVERSEN**

"WOMEN," said Goethe, "are silver dishes into which we put golden apples."

This remark, dropped casually at dinner, somewhere between the schnitzel and the strudel, on the night of October 22, 1828, may well be the most important the great philosopher-poet ever made. Fruit filled as the image is, it speaks to us. It communicates a message for our times.

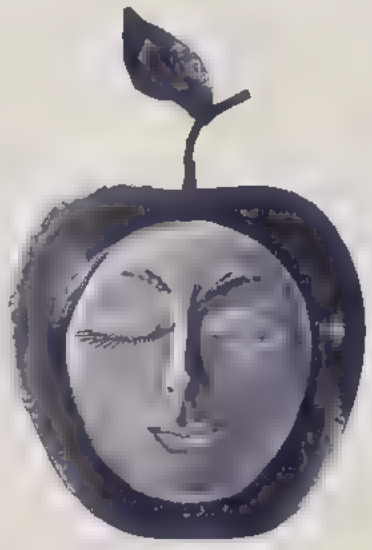
Though some may argue that women are *golden* dishes into which we put *silver* apples, or tin dishes into which we put brass persimmons or little lead kumquats, the fact remains that Woman's historic function is to be a "dish" — a function which she has frequently lost sight of during the past hundred-odd years. Having won the right to vote, smoke and wear short hair, she has all too often come to conceive of herself not as a dish, but as an apple — a buddy, pal, chum, colleague and somewhat chesty bowling companion.

Endowed by nature with certain delightfully obvious sexual characteristics, she has steadfastly refused to let them stand in the way of her ambition to either ride to hounds or run for office.

Nowhere is this lamentable determination to overcome her own charms more apparent than in that evolutionary sport, the Outdoor Girl. No longer content to sit on the sidelines and look fetchingly feminine with parasol and fan, she bounds down the fairways of masculine friendship swinging a set of registered clubs. As eager to share a duck blind as a divan, she brings to both a hail-fellow-well-met spirit that smacks as much of Abercrombie & Fitch as it does of Aphrodite and Eros. Suntanned, competent, frank and knowing, she approaches love as if it were a tennis match, and uses her come-hither look mainly to lure her male opponent closer to the net, in order to slam a return shot past his ear to the baseline.

But if the Outdoor, neo-tomboy type imagines that she can win her varsity W for Woman by playing a clean, hard game and holding up her end of the canoe on a six-mile portage, the fault is not hers alone. Behind every girl's downfall lies a man, and there has always been a muscle-bound minority of thwarted scoutmasters who will stop at nothing in their lust for heterosexual athletics and mixed camping. These fresh-air fiends lurk everywhere, and many an innocent, gaily attractive young maiden has been lured down the primrose path only to discover that it leads to the locker room, the showers or a weekend of moose hunting.

Clad in a bulky woolen shirt, bowed by the weight of some wanton deceiver's rucksack, she soon finds herself struggling to keep afloat in a foldboat, another fair victim of the sleeping-bag syndrome — that dread antisocial disease characterized by itchy long underwear, damp socks and a strong smell of citronella. Lying awake at night on her zippered pallet of mildewed kapok and sharp rocks, her femininity lost and her maidenhood still intact, she wonders perhaps — all too late — if there might not



be a better way to strain a ligament and earn an aching back. As, indeed, there is.

It is comforting to think that some of these poor, wayward creatures might be redeemed, might repent of their virtuous outdoor ways and be restored to society. But experience would seem to prove otherwise. Though the indoor man may be moved to pity the fallen female, and seek to woo her gently back to the urban hearthside, statistics indicate that the rehabilitation rate is alarmingly low. Soak her in bubble bath, repair her sun-bleached coiffure, and dress her as smartly as you will — it is only a matter of time before she learns to adapt her former depravity to the more subtle playgrounds of the Great Indoors. To all outward appearances a dish, she still aspires to be an apple — an intellectual chum.

Having visited a few art galleries, theatres and offbeat eateries, and done her homework in psychoanalysis, politics, cinema and jazz, she perches on the edge of ottoman or chair, waiting to snatch the conversational ball and make a touchdown with her vocal cords. Vivaciously retrieving the first fumble, she displays such a razzle-dazzle of opinion and wit that the male line crumbles, and only a seasoned tailback would attempt a forward pass.

Inevitably, some heroic penthouse tackle will volunteer to take her home. More hip to her hips than her hipness, he may even get himself invited up to her apartment, where she may decide to bestow upon him her greatest treasure — the key to her confidence. Over a friendly nightcap, her conversation will grow more and more revealing, until at last, clad only in the thinnest fabric of ideas, she seduces him into holding her opinions and permits him to probe the soft contours of her eager little mind.

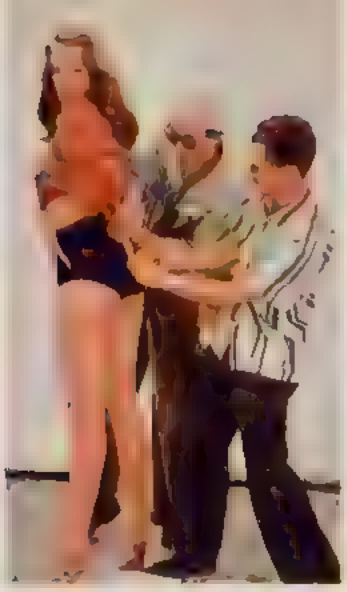
In order to even broach the subject of amour, he will first find it necessary to get her attention (which may take weeks), and then proceed indirectly by way of the frontal lobes. If all goes well, and he plays his cards right, this may eventually turn the trick. But it seems a hell of a long way to go, just to dispose of a few golden apples.

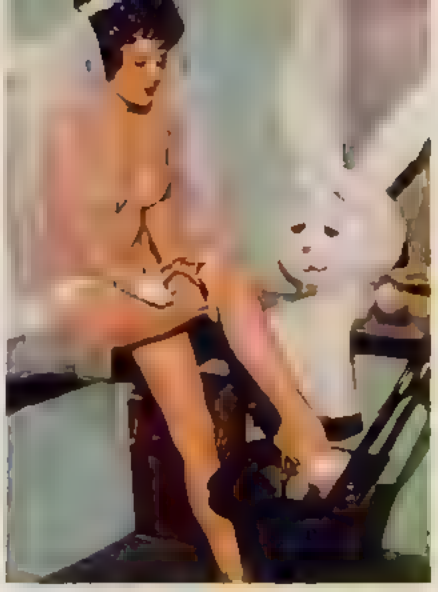
Fortunately, however, all the feminine dishes have not been cracked in the process of being removed from the barrel of Victorian gentility and placed in the free-and-easy atmosphere of office, bachelor apartment and coeducational saloon. A sufficient number have survived to at least form a starter set for the light housekeeping of romantic amour, and to ensure that all our golden apples need not be assigned to bags.

To be sure, the all-girl girl is something of an anomaly in this day and age, a delectable throwback. During a period of almost universal education in the science and mechanics of sex, she persists in practicing the arts and keeping

(concluded on page 75)

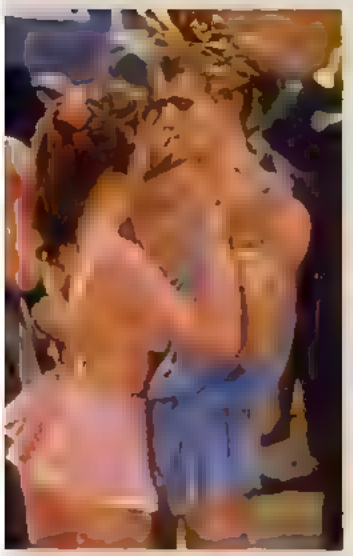
a lament for the passing of an american institution: the all-girl girl

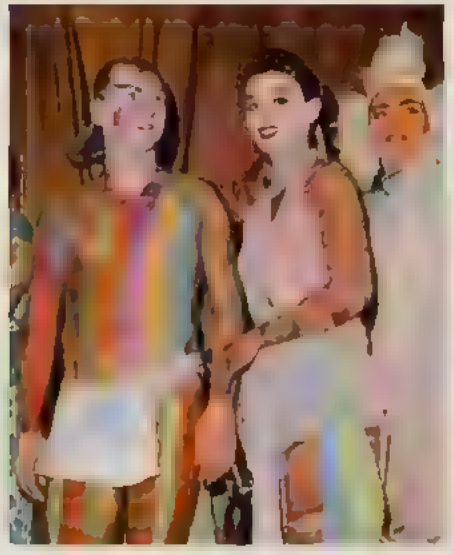




hollywood's shutter set tosses its

Top left: lensmen Earl Leaf and Dave Sutton chivalrously help Colette Berne into tight britches before the party. Top right: an unblushing bride adjusts her garter in the dressing room. Above: a pair of ASMP members ignore girl in girdle to concentrate on others less conventionally covered.



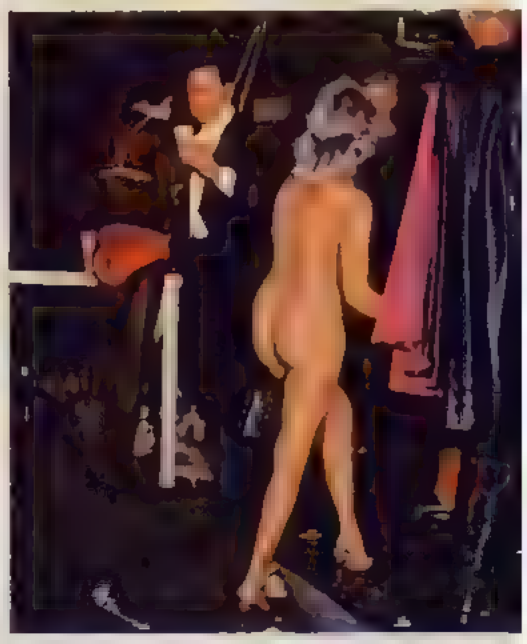


Above left: the Greek god Pan dances with a coquettishly costumed milkmaid, seems ready to give up Olympus in favor of the rural life. Above right: covered more by paint than anything else, two revelers strike a colorful pose. Prizes went to costume showing most originality, and showing most.

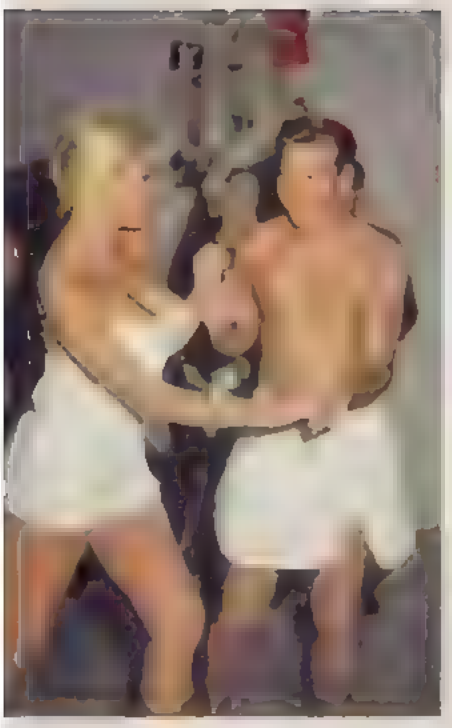
PHOTOGRAPHERS & MODELS BALL

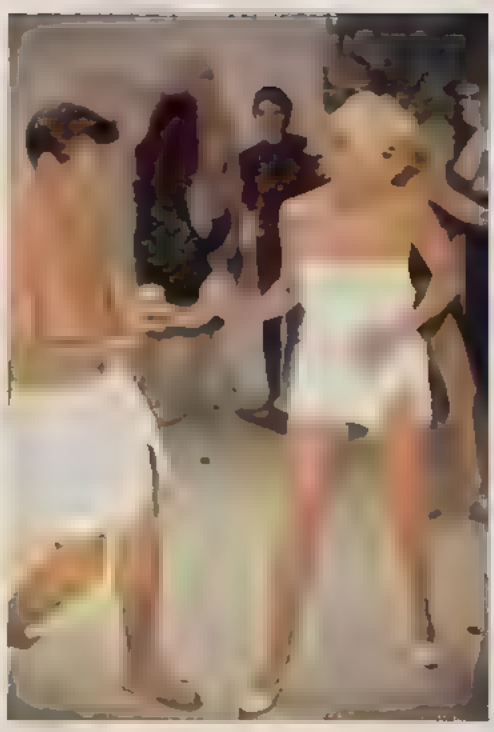
own style playboy party

ONE OF THE PERKIEST proofs of PLAYBOY'S popularity is the growing number of Playboy Parties held by universities, country clubs and other assorted groups across the country, using the magazine's trademark and tenor as their theme. (The demand for decorations has prompted PLAYBOY to produce a party kit that it makes available for such shindigs.) Often the affairs are formal, but when the American Society of Magazine Photographers — Hollywood division — decided to throw a PLAYBOY bash, it turned out to be informal in the extreme. About the only thing not on display was inhibition, and as decorum gave way to delightfully decorative and mostly undecorated dolls, the professional photographers took up the tools of their trade and covered their own affair. We were naturally flattered by this tribute to PLAYBOY as the *ne plus ultra* of markets for the camera chaps who like to lens lovelies, and thought you might enjoy a sampling of their pictures.



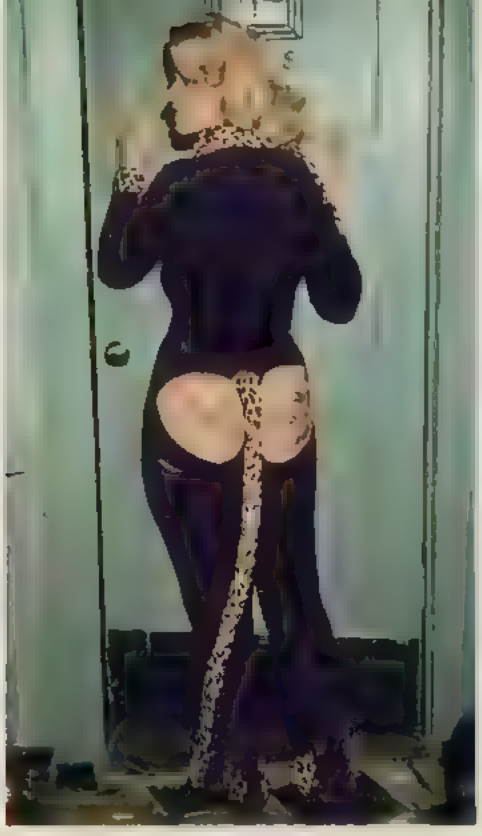
Left: festivities in full swing. Above: in contrast to formal costumes around her, a near-nude girl arrives at party.





Above: the light fantastic is tripped by fantastic June Wilkinson and partner tucked tightly into Turkish towels. After watching June gyrate her 43-26-36 about the hall, ogling onlookers enthusiastically agreed that her embarrassment of riches makes Brigitte in her terry cloth look, by comparison, boyish.

Above: Playmate Lori Laine poses prettily with a suave, long-eared companion. Photographers successfully snared six real-life PLAYBOY Playmates for the party.



Left center: Playmate Marguerite Empey is attentive to beachcomber partner, while Playmate Cheryl Kubert (back to camera) and red-bearded escort enjoy dance. Left: cheeky in her cunning cat costume, model Sandy Silver's bottom was covered only by penciled cat scratches. Below: beneath giant Playmate display, Earl Leaf amuses his fellows with a parody titled *How to Become a Playmate*, aided by a cooperative model.

FONTS FOR PRESIDENT *(continued from page 52)*

gleefully. "I don't give a damn what anybody says." Even Timothy seemed pleased by the sights and sounds of that great city mellowing in the night.

Our suite was something by DeMille out of Louis XIV. Huge pillowed bedrooms opened on a gilded living room, and a platoon of French-type waiters hovered outside the door, ready to sprint in on the slightest pretext to spirit away the Congressman's bulky tips.

The Congressman decided to put off affairs of state until the next day. "Jack," he said, "tomorrow you can start lining up interviews and the press conferences. Right now I want to get out and meet the people. The common touch, know what I mean?"

"You bet, Congressman. You want Eddie to bring his camera?"

"Hell, no. How about you, Timothy? You with us or agin' us?"

Timothy's nostrils flared eloquently. "I'm afraid not, sir," he said. "However, if I might make a suggestion . . ." He tugged a notebook from a vest pocket — "knowing the Congressman's interest in music and folk dancing, might I suggest Le Cave, 41 Place Pigalle?"

The Congressman lapped at his mustache. "Absolutely," he exclaimed. "What are we doing here squatting like a bunch of fire hydrants? Let's get this li'l ol' show on the road!"

The Place Pigalle that night was something to stir the hackles of Postmaster General Summerfield. It was Times Square in pajamas. Reveling bands of servicemen and tourists caroled through the *rues*, and a dozen pleasure palaces advertised their *raisons d'être* with posters that made Marilyn Monroe look like a campfire girl. It was, in a word, Bardotsville.

The Congressman put his hands on his hips and breathed deeply, like an old fire horse at a three-alarm conflagration. "This is it, fellows," he told us happily. "This is the grass roots."

We found Timothy's cabaret without much trouble. It was a tiny little place, tucked below the sidewalk, filled with hibernating hoods and gloriously immodest gals. We were seated at a table slightly larger than a martini glass, and a watch-charm Dillinger approached to take our order. It developed that he could speak no English, but Eddie had not wasted all of his youth in Montreal. He ordered with fluent gusto and soon refreshments were being served.

"This is a pretty lively place," Eddie remarked. "How do you suppose friend Timothy ever got the word on a joint such as this?"

"Timothy is a very talented boy," chuckled the Congressman. "He knows that I am at home in smoke-filled rooms."

Eddie opened his mouth to reply, but no words came forth. I turned to see what he was staring at and that is when I saw Rita for the first time. She had materialized out of the *Gauloise* mists and stood swaying above us like one of my adolescent dreams. She was very beautiful and very red-headed and her emerald gown had obviously not been Sanforized.

She trained licorice eyes on the Congressman and husked, "May a friend of America join the friends of France?"

The Congressman vaulted to his feet. "*Oui!*" he cried, thereby exhausting his entire French vocabulary. "But how did you know we're from the States?"

She slinked into her chair so prettily that I wanted to ask her to do it again. "But you are too modest!" she smiled. "Has any intelligent Frenchman not heard of Congressman Fonts?"

"By Godfrey!" he beamed. "I guess you're right, at that!" He hailed our waiter with a finger-snap that would have done credit to Maurice Chevalier. "What's your pleasure, my dear?"

"I have champagne tastes," she said with a dehydrating glance. "Both in drink and men. You may call me Rita." The Congressman bleated softly. It was the sound of unconditional surrender.

Well, it was a fine evening, with much merry chatter and strolling Pagliacci accordionists, and jugglers of torches fresh from Ed Sullivan, and lighthearted dancing girls who sowed the stage with their tiny garments, but along about three A.M. Eddie and I were both keen for a breath of fresh air. I said as much to the Congressman.

"Not me," he said. He patted Rita's hand, and then added in a rare flight of poetic fancy, "Why, I'm as happy as a dead pig in the sunshine. I'll see you guys later on at the hotel."

Eddie and I elbowed our way through the smoke and mounted to the sidewalk, where we took great gulps of dank Pigalle air. Even at that hour gay carnival throngs still clotted the streets. "God, what a burg," Eddie grinned. "Come on, peerless leader, the night is still young. Let's let tomorrow take care of itself."

"It *is* tomorrow, pal," I said, but we straggled across the street to examine the international stature of one Lola La Rue, the Girl with the Metronome Hips.

The pattern for the next ten days had been set. Congressman Fonts proved to be a man of tremendous stamina. Each night he popped his homburg on his head and set sail for Le Cave, where he frolicked in a sea of champagne that would have drowned a man half his age. Each afternoon at two or so he heaved himself from his bed and bounded into the living room, exhausted and blissful.

"The little people, Jack!" he cried one day. "Understand them and you understand the country. Why, I have a whole new outlook on the surplus wheat problem."

"Yes sir," I replied, anointing my head with ice cubes.

"Well, what have you got lined up for today? Any interviews or TV shows?"

"Nothing yet, Congressman. But I'm sure working on it."

"I'm giving you full responsibility, you know. I've got other things on my mind. As a matter of fact," he added, smiling dreamily up at the chandelier, "I think I'm falling in love."

I had enough problems without worrying about the Congressman's love life. The truth of the matter was that my public relations efforts in his behalf had drawn a big fat zilch. The French public information people told me that visiting statesmen in Paris were a centime a dozen and that Fonts, while undoubtedly a *chic type*, was just not good copy. Every publication from *Paris Match* to *Le Figaro* greeted my announcement of his availability for interviews with an eloquent Gallic shrug. The TV biggies yawned.

Eddie did manage to get a couple of shots of the Congressman mulling world problems over a breakfast of bacon and benedictine, but this was clearly not enough. I had the uneasy feeling that if we didn't come up with something juicy, the resemblance between the Congressman and Little Mary Sunshine would come to a quick and violent end.

Then one day he did not come home. Eddie and I didn't discover his absence until well into the afternoon of the night before, when a bed check revealed unsullied sheets and no Congressman.

"We never should have left him," Eddie moaned. "Maybe he got rolled. Maybe he got mugged. Maybe —"

"Let's give it another hour," I said. "If he doesn't show we'll notify the police."

Timothy was sitting at a corner table, ruffling through papers. He looked up and said, "I wouldn't work myself into such a fuss if I were you. The Congressman can take care of himself. Besides," he added slyly, "if the police come, can reporters be far behind? You might finally accomplish something in the way of publicity, of course, but it just might prove embarrassing. . ."

"He's right," said Eddie. "Maybe the old boy's just snoozing one off somewhere."

"OK," I muttered. "You don't have to shout."

We spent our usual feckless afternoon swallowing aspirin and trying to conjure up an idea that would heap favorable publicity on our candidate. It was, to coin a poem, no go. Then shortly

(continued on page 76)

try the view from john o'hara's terrace

"HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN in Vexville, Pennsylvania, honey?" Karen Greengrass asked, smiling warmly.

"I've been in Vexville for fifty-seven years," Roger Padam replied, tapping the top of his desk with the index finger of his left hand.

Roger Padam was born in Vexville, Pennsylvania, in 1903. His father, Jonathan Padam, had come to Vexville from Budapest in 1873. In Budapest, the Padam family had included Roger's father, his mother Clara, his father's grandparents, Minnizia and Elias Padam, his father's brother (or Roger's uncle) Zeb and his father's two sisters, Zenia (Zeb's twin) and Greta. Zeb owned the largest flax-flicking factory in all of Europe. In 1872, he sold out and made the move to America. In 1922, his son Roger met Minnie Klinkle. Minnie's father, Stanley Klinkle, was born in Cracow, Poland, in 1855. He married Selma Nordka in 1870, when both were fifteen, and sailed to America in the hold of a merchant ship. Minnie, their only child, was born in 1904. Roger Padam and Minnie Klinkle were married during a warm (mid-seventies) Philadelphia weekend in 1925, two months after their first embrace. They settled in Vexville. Roger, with the aid of the $400 weekly stipend sent to him by his father, who had built an empire in Newark, New Jersey, created a vast flax-flicking corporate realm in Vexville.

"That's a long time to be in this town," Karen said.

"It's not so long," Roger said. "It's a fine old town and it's been very good to Minnie and me. Minnie was saying just yesterday that this is a fine old town and I can't say she's wrong. It's been good to us. We have many friends here and when I stroll to the post office each day to chat with Marvin Moritatsky I know that I'm passing through the town in which I'll die. But even then I'll go knowing that I spent many happy years here with Minnie and all the wonderful townspeople."

Karen paused. She thought about this fascinating man. She thought about Vexville — new to her after three years in New York. She doubted that she could love this town, but she knew she could love this man.

Karen Greengrass was twenty-two. Her father, Ezra, had been a pawnbroker in Butte, Montana, for twenty-four years. Her mother, Gilda, had been her father's wife for twenty-three of those years. They were pleasant beings, but their life wasn't Karen's kind of life. Her brother, Kahil, had gone to Iran when he was thirteen; she hadn't seen him since. Her two sisters, Emma and Pernita, had married (at the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, respectively) and had moved from Butte (to Cedar Falls, Iowa, and Norman, Oklahoma, respectively). Karen sensed the need to make her own way and had taken a train (actually a series of trains) East. She hoped to get a job flicking flax at the Padam Works in Vexville. But she hadn't anticipated this interview with Roger Padam.

Padam, she observed, was six feet, one inch tall. He weighed 170 pounds. His hair was dark brown, as were his eyes. He wore brown high-top shoes, purple stockings, and a green tweed suit with matching vest. His tie was solid mauve; his shirt was yellow. He had a mole on the back of his left hand.

"What's Minnie like?" she asked.

"Kind of roly-poly you might say, but all sweet inside," Roger replied, eying Karen's properly bulging blouse.

"Prettier than I am?" Karen asked, sliding her chair closer to his desk.

"No, I suppose not," Roger replied, "but she's a fine person."

"I think you're fascinating," she said.

"Thank you," Roger said, gripping the knot of his mauve tie.

"Kiss me," Karen urged, rising from her chair and moving around Roger's desk.

"No," Roger answered. "This is a business interview. I believe in understanding my employees. No more than that."

"I want you, Roger Padam. I've come all the way from Butte for you," she said.

"My mother is dead. You could be a mother to me, if you wish, but no more than that," he murmured.

"I want *you*," Karen sighed.

"You can't have *me — Minnie* has me," he insisted.

"You're a louse in a lousy town," she cried. "You show off your big factory and you talk about your Minnie and you. . ."

Roger Padam glared at her attractive form and remembered an evening in Philadelphia in 1929.

"Come on, Rog old boy, come on. We'll drop in at Mamie's for a few hours and you'll have something to take back to Vexville with you. Minnie won't know about it. It'll be something you'll remember for years," Alvin Cornmead had said. Alvin had attended Haversham University, too, from 1920 to 1925, and somehow they had managed to maintain contact after graduation. Alvin was a big city attorney, a member of the firm of Cornmead, Medville, Grogan and Marx (on Broad Street).

"I really don't want to," Roger had implored.

But he did.

When he stood before the choice young girl, he felt weak.

"I don't want to," he had said to her.

"You're a louse from a lousy town," she had said, seizing her clothes and rushing from the room.

Roger remembered. He looked at Karen Greengrass and realized that it wasn't too late to correct past error.

"Maybe just this once," he whispered

"Maybe just this once *what?*" Karen asked, gazing out the open window overlooking the vast Padam Works.

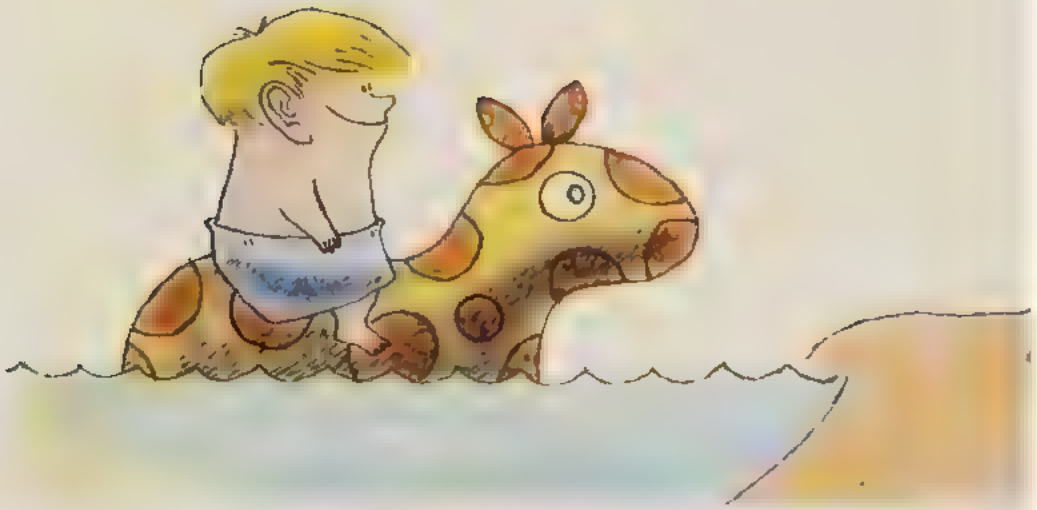
"Maybe," Roger mumbled, advancing.

They met at the side of his desk. He clasped Karen to him, kissed her and guided her across the room.

It was a simple matter to edge her out the window.

"It's *not* a lousy town," he said, lighting a moderately expensive cigar. "It's home for Minnie and me."

1



sandy
smiles
from
our seer
of the
strange
and
inexplicable

ON THE BEACH WITH GAHAN WILSON

2

"I don't trust this, Mr. Sween — it's altogether too simple!"

First Anniversary (continued from page 31)

"Well, it's unique, I'll give it that," said Phillips.

"More than you think," added Norman, his smile grown a trifle labored.

"How so?"

"I have no trouble tasting anything else."

Dr. Phillips peered at him awhile before he spoke. "Can you smell her?" he asked then.

"Yes."

"You're sure."

"*Yes.* What's that got to do with —" Norman stopped. "You mean that the senses of taste and smell go together," he said.

Phillips nodded. "If you can smell her, you should be able to taste her."

"I suppose," said Norman, "but I can't."

Dr. Phillips grunted wryly. "Quite a poser."

"No ideas?" asked Norman.

"Not offhand," said Phillips, "though I suspect it's allergy of some kind."

Norman looked disturbed.

"I hope I find out soon," he said.

• • •

Adeline looked up from her stirring as he came into the kitchen. "What did Dr. Phillips say?"

"That I'm allergic to you."

"He didn't say that," she scolded.

"Sure he did."

"Be serious now."

"He said I have to take some allergy tests."

"He doesn't think it's anything to worry about, does he?" asked Adeline.

"No."

"Oh, good." She looked relieved.

"Good, nothing," he grumbled. "The taste of you is one of the few pleasures I have in life."

"You stop that." She removed his hands and went on stirring. Norman slid his arms around her and rubbed his nose on the back of her neck. "Wisht I could taste you," he said. "I like your flavor."

She reached up and caressed his cheek. "I love you," she said.

Norman twitched and made a startled noise.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

He sniffed. "What's that?" He looked around the kitchen. "Is the garbage out?" he asked.

She answered quietly. "Yes, Norman."

"Well, something sure as hell smells awful in here. Maybe —" He broke off, seeing the expression on her face. She pressed her lips together and, suddenly, it dawned on him. "Honey, you don't think I'm saying —"

"Well, *aren't* you?" Her voice was faint and trembling.

"Adeline, come on."

"First, I taste sour. Now —"

He stopped her with a lingering kiss.

"I love you," he said, "understand? I *love* you. Do you think I'd try to hurt you?"

She shivered in his arms. "You *do* hurt me," she whispered.

He held her close and stroked her hair. He kissed her gently on the lips, the cheeks, the eyes. He told her again and again how much he loved her.

He tried to ignore the smell.

• • •

Instantly, his eyes were open and he was listening. He stared up sightlessly into the darkness. Why had he waked up? He turned his head and reached across the mattress. As he touched her, Adeline stirred a little in her sleep.

Norman twisted over on his side and wriggled close to her. He pressed against the yielding warmth of her body, his hand slipping languidly across her hip. He lay his cheek against her back and started drifting downward into sleep again.

Suddenly, his eyes flared open. Aghast, he put his nostrils to her skin and sniffed. An icy barb of dread hooked at his brain; *my God, what's wrong?* He sniffed again, harder. Adeline mumbled indistinctly and he stopped. He lay against her, motionless, trying not to panic.

If his senses of taste and smell were atrophying, he could understand, accept. They weren't, though. Even as he lay there, he could taste the acrid flavor of the coffee that he'd drunk that night. He could smell the faint odor of mashed-out cigarettes in the ashtray on his bedside table. With the least effort, he could smell the wool of the blanket over them.

Then *why?* She was the most important thing in his life. It was torture to him that, in bits and pieces, she was fading from his senses.

• • •

It had been a favorite restaurant since their days of courtship. They liked the food, the tranquil atmosphere, the small ensemble which played for dining and for dancing. Searching in his mind, Norman had chosen it as the place where they could best discuss this problem. Already, he was sorry that he had. There was no atmosphere that could relieve the tension he was feeling; and expressing.

"What *else* can it be?" he asked, unhappily. "It's nothing physical." He pushed aside his untouched supper. "It's got to be my mind."

"But why, Norman?"

"*If I only knew,*" he answered.

She put her hand on his. "Please don't worry," she said.

"How can I help it?" he asked. "It's a nightmare. I've *lost* part of you, Adeline."

"Darling, don't," she begged, "I can't bear to see you unhappy."

"I *am* unhappy," he said. He rubbed a finger on the tablecloth. "And I've just about made up my mind to see an analyst." He looked up. "It's got to be my mind," he repeated. "And — damnit! — I resent it. I want to root it out."

He forced a smile, seeing the fear in her eyes.

"Oh, the hell with it," he said. "I'll go to an analyst; he'll fix me up. Come on, let's dance."

She managed to return his smile.

"Lady, you're just plain gorgeous," he told her as they came together on the dance floor.

"*Oh, I love you so,*" she whispered.

It was in the middle of their dance that the feel of her began to change. Norman held her tightly, his cheek forced close to hers so that she wouldn't see the sickened expression on his face.

• • •

"And now it's gone?" finished Dr. Bernstrom.

Norman expelled a burst of smoke and jabbed out his cigarette on the ashtray. "Correct," he said, angrily.

"When?"

"This morning," answered Norman. The skin grew taut across his cheeks. "No taste. No smell." He shuddered fitfully. "And now no sense of touch."

His voice broke. "What's wrong?" he pleaded. "What kind of breakdown *is* this?"

"Not an incomprehensible one," said Bernstrom.

Norman looked at him anxiously. "What then?" he asked. "Remember what I said; it has to do only with my wife. Outside of her —"

"I understand," said Bernstrom.

"*Then what is it?*"

"You've heard of hysterical blindness."

"Yes."

"Hysterical deafness."

"Yes, but —"

"Is there any reason, then, there couldn't be a hysterical restraint of the other senses as well?"

"All right, but why?"

Dr. Bernstrom smiled.

"That, I presume," he said, "is why you came to see me."

• • •

Sooner or later, the notion had to come. No amount of love could stay it. It came now as he sat alone in the living room, staring at the blur of letters on a newspaper page.

Look at the facts. Last Wednesday night, he'd kissed her and, frowning, said, "You taste sour, honey." She'd tightened, drawn away. At the time, he'd taken her reaction at its obvious value: she felt insulted. Now, he tried to summon up a detailed memory of her behavior afterward.

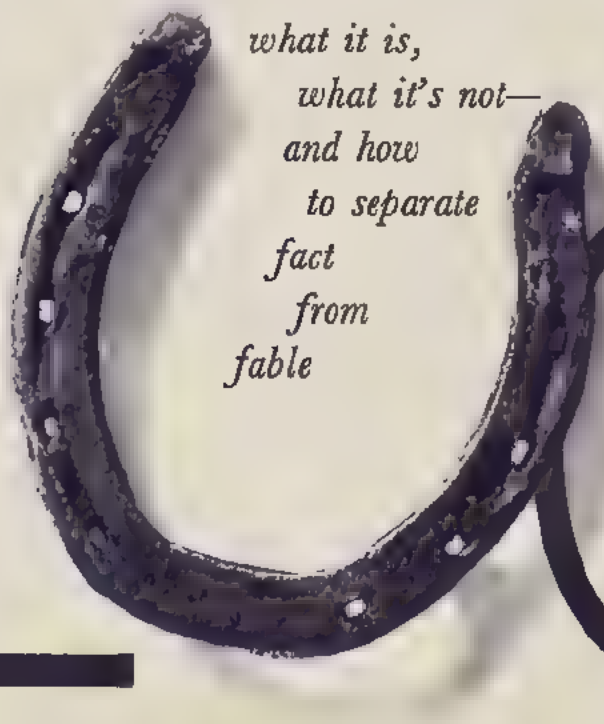
Because, on Thursday morning, he'd

(concluded on page 85)

article **By T. K. BROWN III**

LUCK

what it is, what it's not— and how to separate fact from fable



IT IS TO BE SUPPOSED that you are an intelligent, educated, sensible man. As such, you are not likely to forearm yourself for a game of chance or skill with a magic lodestone, a good-luck amulet, lucky-lucky powder, fast luck drops (to be surreptitiously added to your drink when things are going bad), a four-leaf clover, or the foot of a rabbit — all of which, in case you haven't been keeping up with the ads in the pulps, can be bought for good U.S. currency (no checks, please). You know the difference between the fun of hollering at the dice and actually believing that you can influence how they fall. You apply body English to that bowling ball without really expecting it to change its course. You don't put any stock in these devices; in fact, you are pretty sophisticated and realistic about the whole question of luck and how it can be influenced.

But let's look a bit further. Have you ever, in a poker game, changed your seat or the deck in order to improve your hands? Have you ever bet on a horse because of its name? Have you ever, in roulette, bet on red because black had shown six times running? Have you ever called for a fresh pair of dice in a crap game? Have you ever felt a faint qualm when you broke a pocket mirror? Have you ever, God forbid, like a fellow we know, walked around a leaning ladder instead of under it with the apologetic remark, "I'm not superstitious, of course, but it's so little trouble"? If any of the answers was Yes, it is quite probable that you, too, harbor certain ancient and deeply ingrained misconceptions about luck.

You are, let us say, in a game of draw poker. You are a good poker player; yet things are going against you. You haven't won a pot in three hours. Your pat straight is beaten by the jerk who draws two cards to fill a flush (one chance in twenty-four); your three-of-a-kind doesn't improve on the draw and is beaten by the two-pairs hand that draws one to make a full house (one chance in twelve); your four-flushes, which ought to hit about twice every eleven draws, haven't come home a single time.

You are having a run of bad luck.

The question is, what do you do about it? It is the question that makes the subject of luck so fascinating to the student of human behavior. There are several things you can do:

1. Keep on playing the best you know how, convinced that the past fall of the cards can have no influence on the future.

2. Keep on playing because it's time for the cards to change.

3. Quit playing because you realize that your bad luck has affected your judgment and play for the worse.

4. Quit playing because the cards are against you tonight.

5. Quit playing because you suspect that the game is crooked.

6. Call for a new deck, take three turns around your chair, change seats, play a hand standing up, or otherwise seek to outfox or ingratiate yourself with the Goddess of Chance.

The odd numbers above designate rational responses to the problem. Were they yours? The even numbers, sad to say, introduce the typical motivation and behavior of the man whose luck has been bad. Were *they* yours? Let us hope not. But since they are so typical, and so fraught with error, let's take a closer look at them.

It's time for the cards to change. How reasonable this sounds! The law of averages has been grossly infringed by that bad run — it has to get back on an even keel with a corresponding good run, or else it can't average out, the way it has to. This stands to reason.

In roulette (and other games of pure chance) this theory has a name. It is called the Maturity of the Chances. If black has won six, seven, eight times in a row, the chance that red will come next time is much better than even, since the law of averages implies that the chances for red have now "matured," and must start coming in. Similarly in poker: if you have lost a lot of hands that you should have won, the time has come for you to start hitting.

The main trouble with this theory is that it is wrong. The little ball on the roulette wheel has no memory of what it has just done. It has about an even chance of falling to either red or black on the next roll, and it has just as much chance to continue the run on black as to break it off. It feels no compulsion to get in there and save the reputation of the law of averages.

This law of averages is the popular name given to a theorem propounded by the Swiss mathematician Bernoulli. In simplified form the theorem states that, if there is a certain probability that an event will take place (say, a fifty-fifty chance that a flipped coin will come down heads), then, if the trials are repeated indefinitely, the event (heads) will occur the expected number of times. Note where it says in the small print: *repeated indefinitely*. The law of

averages deals with vast numbers of trials; it is not going to help you out in the next half hour. There is no time of which it can be said that it's time for the cards to change. Forget about the law of averages: it is never going to do you any good.

The cards are against you tonight. This point of view, the very opposite of the one just dealt with, also seems to offer a sound basis for decision-making. After all, what are you to think if, again and again, when you have every expectation of winning, the cards give the pot to somebody else? They're against you and that's all there is to it. Every time you give them another chance to do the decent or probable thing they yank the rug out from under you. The only sensible thing you can do is get out of the game before you get hurt any worse. It stands to reason.

This fallacy is essentially the same as the one above. It assumes that the cards know what they are doing. Above, they knew they were acting wrong and would soon reform; in this case they are determined to keep on being naughty. Therefore, on the next hand you do not have your usual expectation of success: you have less.

This sort of thinking derives directly from the "belief" in luck, about which we shall have more to say. The point to make now is that the mathematical probabilities in a series of independent events (such as poker hands, spins of the roulette wheel, draws at blackjack, throws of the dice) cannot possibly be affected by what has happened before. If things have gone for you or against you in the past, it is perfectly correct to say that you *have had* good luck or bad luck. But — and listen carefully, because this truth is worth its weight in your gold — to act as if you *will be* lucky or unlucky is sheer superstition. In fact, the word "superstition" is the operative word here. And now, at last, we are about to get into the realm where it is sovereign.

Call for a new deck, circumambulate the chair, etc. Here we approach one of the crossroads in man's perilous hike toward his present precarious eminence. His main instrument of survival has been his rational brain. Ever since he got up on two feet and began to think, his struggle has been to see the physical universe in the right perspective; and his chief problem has been that of every animal, his tendency to regard himself as the most important thing in the world. Gradually he has begun to overcome this tendency. In the last few hundred years he has succeeded pretty well in formulating — and putting to his use — the rules by which the physical world operates. He has evolved the scientific view of things, according to which matter obeys laws that are proof against manipulation to give any man an advantage or disadvantage.

The intelligent modern man does not question this. On going out to his car in the morning, he does not say to himself, "I don't think it will start this morning — I spilled the salt at breakfast and neglected to throw a pinch over my shoulder." If the car should not start, he does not walk around it three times to make it behave better; he looks for the cause under the hood, or calls a taxi. And yet, observe his behavior when he becomes involved in a game of which chance is an element. An ancient memory, an atavistic impulse, takes over. His clear intelligence becomes willing to accept the notion that a mysterious force called luck has attached itself to him, or to the inanimate objects with which he plays. He does not believe in haunted houses, but he may very well believe that he or his adversary is haunted by a spirit called good luck or bad luck. And — what is more extraordinary — this spirit or force can be controlled and influenced by the proper application of techniques.

But this is manifestly impossible. Luck is that which happens by chance. The element of the unforeseen, the haphazard, and the uncontrollable is an essential part of the meaning of the word. By its very definition, luck is something that cannot habitually attach itself to a particular person.

What conclusions can we draw from this analysis so far? Several — even though we shall confine ourselves to games that involve betting.

1. There is no such thing as a lucky or unlucky gambler. Chance may favor him for a day, or a week, or even (most improbable) a year. But if he wins over the long run he is not lucky. He is skillful.

2. In games of pure chance, there is no such thing as a valid hunch. However strongly you may feel that a certain event will occur, you are kidding yourself.

3. There is no such thing as being "hot." There is only the fact of *having been* hot — at one or another time, or so far. What has happened in the past offers no likelihood that it will continue.

4. There is nothing you can do to change your luck. If you are deeply debauched by superstition, the fact of your observing some ritual may so far restore your confidence as to make you play better. In this case you have improved your skill, not your luck.

Luck, in short, has an utterly negligible influence on success. In games, as in life, the elements that make a difference are *probability* and *skill*. They are closely related. Because of the general misuse of the word luck, and the misconceptions regarding it, we want to examine these two elements in some detail.

Probability informs all our lives. The wildest improbabilities happen to us every moment of every day. The very fact that you are *you*, and not any one of a million other possible persons, depended on the highly improbable union of a particular sperm with a particular ovum. Now, in that poker game we mentioned above, you are dealt a hand consisting of Q♥, 10♣, 9♥, 3♦, 2♣. There was just one chance in 2,598,960 that you should get those five cards. How utterly improbable that you should have done so!

Quite true. But you are perfectly justified in asking, "So what? Who needs a hand like that?" Probabilities, or improbabilities, though our lives are full of them, are of absolutely no interest unless some significance is attached to them. If you have anted two dollars for the privilege of getting this stinker, you are not a bit awed by how unlikely it was that you should have got it. Probability would begin to take on some meaning if four of the cards had been hearts and you had to calculate whether it was worth your while to draw to the four-flush.

We can gain our best insight into the relation between probability and luck if we look at it in connection with the games of pure chance (e.g., craps, roulette, chuck-a-luck, slot machines). These games are usually played in a gambling establishment, which prescribes the payoffs for all bets. Built into these prescriptions is the house percentage, or cut. It should not come as a surprise to you that gambling places, since they are not nonprofit organizations, stay in business by rewarding your wins at less than the true odds.

At the crap table, let us say, you wish to bet that the shooter will roll a seven on his first roll. There are six ways he can do this: 6-1, 5-2, 4-3, 3-4, 2-5, 1-6. There are thirty-six possible rolls of two dice. Thus he has one chance in six of rolling the number you want. The probability that he will do so is one/six; or, stated differently, the chance that he will fail is five to one.

If you bet one dollar on this proposition, the correct odds demand that you should get five dollars for winning. Over the long run you will lose one dollar five times for every time that you win five dollars, and you will break even. But the house doesn't offer five to one on this bet; it offers four to one. This means that you will lose five dollars for every four dollars that you take in. You will lose one dollar for every six bets that you make. That is, the house percentage is 16.67.

Betting under these circumstances is called bucking the odds. You have no

(continued on page 70)

"The terrific upsurge in sales last month was actually an accident. While Miss Beeman was bringing the graph up to date, I happened to reach over and . . ."

LUCK *(continued from page 68)*

other choice in a gambling house: you are always bucking the odds, and in the long run you are going to lose. It is your privilege to call your losing bad luck if you wish, but it is precisely what probability tells you to expect. It is, from another point of view, the price you pay for the entertainment you get from gambling. But if your purpose in gambling in such places is to win, you are exhibiting a lack of skill in not taking the probabilities into account.

In the games of skill (e.g., poker, bridge, backgammon) a knowledge of probabilities is absolutely essential, as it is in the vaster game of life. But here skill and chance (luck) are intermingled, and it is not always easy to separate the two.

Let's take an instance from a game of golf. Sixth hole, 165 yards over a water hazard. Player A addresses his ball with an imprecation and a five iron. He shanks it: the ball loops off to the right, hits a tree, ricochets into the pond but lands on the one projecting rock, bounces up onto the green, and trickles into the cup. A hole in one!

"You lucky bastard!" Player B exclaims.

"What do you mean, 'lucky'?" rejoins Player A. "This is a game of skill, isn't it? I was trying to get my ball into that hole with as few strokes as possible, wasn't I? Well, that's what I did. Where do you get that 'luck' stuff?"

They can argue about this forever. The consensus will be that Player A was indeed an extremely lucky bastard. (There will be another school that argues how *unlucky* he was, since he must now stand drinks for everyone in the clubhouse. But this introduces an extraneous consideration.) He was, to be sure, engaged in a game of skill. However, he evinced a lack of skill when he shanked his ball. From that moment chance took over and did a thoroughgoing job of conferring luck.

Another example. Mortal A is a Mexican peasant, born in a mud-floored hut in the mountains, condemned by his circumstances to illiteracy and lifelong poverty. Mortal B, American tourist, drives up to the village in his T-bird on a sightseeing tour. He was born in a big house in Scarsdale; his parents gave him every advantage, put him through college, placed him in the family brokerage business. Now he earns $50,000 a year.

"These primitive people have a happiness and a simple joy of life that we have lost," he says to his well-groomed female companion.

"*¡Cabrón suertudo!*" says the Mexican, enviously. "Lucky devil!"

Again, the concept of luck is being correctly applied. Mortal B is unquestionably luckier, at least in material things, than Mortal A. His advantages are due primarily to the accident of birth, not to superior skill. Similarly, the pretty girl is, in one respect, luckier than the plain, the athlete than the weakling, the talented than the imbecile. Life deals out such inequalities, and luck may be the only word for them.

Case three. Stockbroker X, with extensive holdings in many securities, sells every last one of them in the week ending October 28, 1929. On October 29 the Crash finds him comfortably counting his money while his colleagues on Wall Street shout "You lucky bastard!" as they plummet past his window. They cannot pause to argue the matter, but Mr. X is not lucky, in the correct use of the word. Here, as in the hole-in-one case, there is a mixture of luck and skill, but the preponderance is on the other side. Mr. X was lucky not to have waited a week longer, but it was skill that dictated his significant act of getting out at about that time, while his friends were blithely riding the gravy train to its destination.

• • •

Probability and skill being the factors that mainly count in one's gaming and one's day-to-day encounters with life, what is the explanation for the widespread and often vehement belief in the existence and pervasive power of luck? What are the psychological sources of this rational disorder?—and that is as good a name for it as any.

They are manifold and complex, but perhaps we can suggest a few avenues of approach.

Its most immediate emotional source lies in the stress that attends the exposure to any situation in which chance plays a large part. In such a situation the human being feels himself vulnerable to powers that, because he has no command over them, are the more mysterious and dangerous. He loses his detachment. His rational control, shaky at best, yields to the primitive voice that tells him he *can* regain the upper hand.

This motivation shows up vividly in warfare, when men will commit the most irrational acts to gain the illusion that they have reduced chance to their service. The story is told of the British seaman at Trafalgar who, when a cannonball passed through the side of his ship, at once put his head through the hole, explaining that this was the safest spot on the vessel because of the unlikelihood that two shots should land in exactly the same place. In World War I, soldiers leapt into new shell holes for the same reason. (Shell B, of course, does not know where shell A landed, and may land there just as well as anywhere else; but, just for kicks, ask yourself whether you wouldn't feel safer in a nice new hole instead of a beat-up old one. And then ask yourself why.)

A second source of the belief in luck is not so much emotional as it is a flaw in the reasoning process itself. Even persons highly trained in scientific thinking are prone to this error when chance enters their lives. It is the error of forgetting that there is only one set of natural laws, that things work in only one way. If the laws can be set aside in response to special pleas, or if they habitually favor one person over another, then the whole reasoning of science is wrong from top to bottom and our image of an orderly world is nonsense.

Another factor that contributes to the belief in luck is something we will call the subconscious selection of evidence. It works like so: Suppose you have a bias toward believing some particular thing—that Friday the thirteenth, for example, is an unlucky day. Any misfortune, big or little, that befalls you on a Friday the thirteenth will impress itself indelibly on your memory and will serve to "prove" that your theory is correct. Quite subconsciously you will forget whatever good things have happened to you on that day; and you will certainly not go to the trouble of compiling accurate statistics for the amount of good or bad fortune you have had on other days of the month, which would show that Friday the thirteenth is a day just like any other. You want to believe in its maleficence and, by a careful process of selection, you will gather the "evidence" to "prove" it.

Having made this point, we will now admit that Friday the thirteenth may indeed be an unlucky day for you. For there is another process at work in this matter of luck: the self-fulfilling expectation. If you are really convinced that a certain day means bad luck, you are subconsciously predisposed to create that bad luck for yourself on that day. You are more accident prone; you are more likely to commit errors in judgment. Without conscious volition you will make the day unlucky. Similarly, if you believe that good luck comes in streaks, you will, on the day that gets off to a good start, create more so-called good luck for yourself. Your mental tone will be better; you will attack life, or a game, with more confidence that you will succeed.

The same process is at work, of course, whenever you are under heavy psychological pressure. If you are up against a man in a business deal who has a reputation for being fantastically lucky in the way things turn out for him, subconsciously you expect him to get the better of you, and you are at precisely the sort of disadvantage that can result in your

(concluded on page 74)

STILL MORE TEEVEE JEEBIES

do-it-yourself subtitles for the midnight movies

THE MOST POPULAR humor feature ever printed in PLAYBOY—that was your verdict on *Teevee Jeebies* and *More Teevee Jeebies*, seen here in July 1959 and January of this year, respectively. For those of you who have just tuned in, the idea was, and is, to make TV's continual showing of the same ancient films more bearable by turning the sound down and making up your own dialog for the actions that flit across your screen. Let logic go hang, let imagination run riot—just as we've done in our captions for these TV cinema scenes.

"And all the guys at the office were betting it was going to be a boy or a girl!"

"Er . . . what does poison ivy look like?"

"No kidding, Ernie—you grab my knee once more and I'm going to punch you right in the mouth."

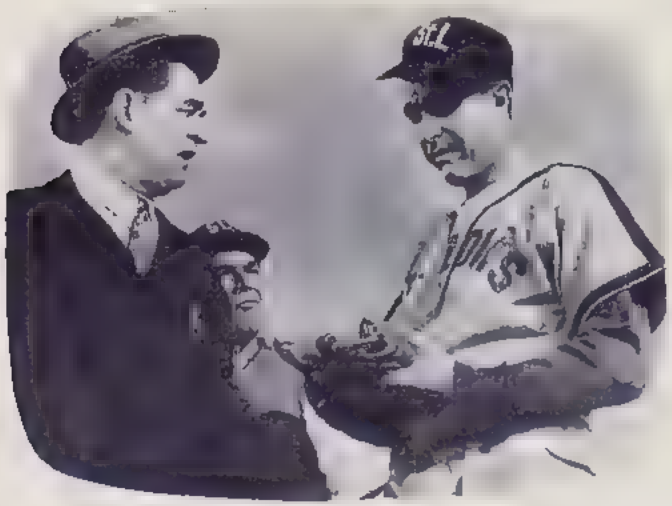
"You know what I dig about you, Mom? You're willing to try and understand the Beat Generation!"

"Just scream, why don't you, and get it out of your system."

"We'll do it this way, fellows—each of you pick a number between one and ten . . "

"No, Mama, no—the guys with the stars are the bad guys the guys with the mustaches are the good guys!"

"Well, just as I'm driving the getaway car up to the bank, I pass this sign that says, 'Enlist Now—Excitement—Security—Travel—' and I figure, what the hell, so——"



"I don't give a damn if it is your ball—O'Brien is coming in to pitch!"

"It is not my imagination, officer—I tell you, there are Peeping Toms in the neighborhood!"

"Did you ever see an old lady bounce like that before?!"

"You stupid soaofabitch, it's my heart!"

"Would you mind leaning forward just a bit?"

"OK, OK, J B — you want me to wear Ivy League clothes, I'll wear Ivy League clothes."

"Say that again!"

"And this fellow is willing to pay us plenty of money for our story. What do you say, Lolita?"

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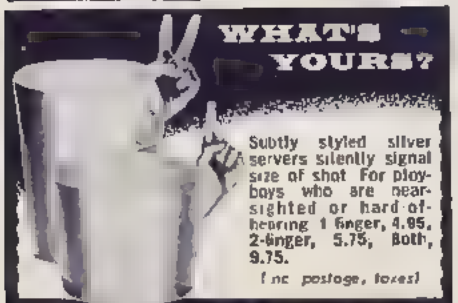

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LUCK

(continued from page 70)

enhancing his reputation at your expense.

The belief in bad luck often derives from what might be called pressure failure. If we are engaged in a game at stakes much higher than we can afford, and need desperately to win, our skill is going to be affected adversely by our anxiety. We shall be particularly sensitive to the loss that we shall probably suffer, and will blame it bitterly on bad luck of the worst sort. Our emotional involvement will conceal from us the extent to which our misfortune resulted from a failure of skill because of pressure.

Finally, the belief in luck can have its source in defensive rationalization. Good luck, in a great many cases, is simply the good things that happen to a person we don't like. We are unwilling to admit that he earned his good fortune through skill. It is painful to say, "He certainly showed how capable he is when he pulled that one off." How much more gratifying it is to attribute his success to the blind operation of chance! In the same way, our own lack of success is much more digestible if we blame it on bad luck rather than on some fault in ourselves. In either case we are rationalizing what happened as a means of defending our self-esteem.

As a general rule it will be found, on objective examination, that the person with a reputation for being lucky is the person who has at his command the skills that enable him to make the most of the situations that come his way. It is this fact that Napoleon had in mind when he wrote, "Chance remains always a mystery to mediocre spirits and becomes a reality to superior men." The mediocre spirit, the poor unlucky fellow, the schlub, the guy for whom everything goes wrong, is very likely to be the self-defeater, the injustice-collector, the man who subconsciously wishes to do himself harm because he hates himself. Such a man, of course, is particularly prone to discover the source of his misfortune in the malevolent machinations of chance.

Aside from the gross inequalities of opportunity that are an inevitable part of life, a man makes his own luck. His attitude toward it will be a very personal thing. If he has been successful, whether in games or in the larger arena of life, he will be less likely to say much about luck, and will probably have very little belief in it. Skill, alertness, insight, intelligence — these are the qualities to which he will attribute his well-being. If he has been unsuccessful, luck will in all likelihood loom large in his picture of himself. *Bad* luck, of course.

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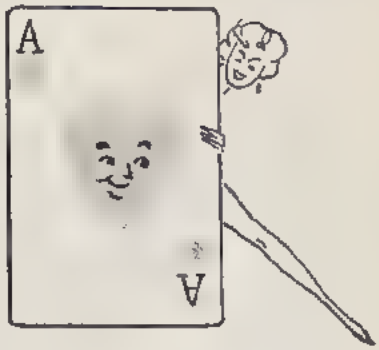

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SWEETHEART

(continued from page 57)

alive the humanities.

No weather-beaten safari sidekick or mixed-doubles partner is she. Her play-clothes are sheer whimsies, her seams are always straight, and her goal the highest and best—to cheer the victor, comfort the vanquished, and to give to both their just desserts.

Preferring to be a prize rather than to win one, her competition is confined to her own sex. More concerned with privileges than rights, she has never permitted a few belated civil liberties to transform her into a Susan B. Anthony Memorial Shrew. A true daughter of Eve, her capacity for apples is infinite. Her interests are your interests, and her conversation is always provocative in precisely the right way. Though she will never be a buddy, she will always be a sweetheart, a bewitching companion in arms.

Admittedly, such a woman is dangerous—as fraught with perils as she is loaded with appeal. For all her sculptured beauty and high-fired gloss, the feminine dish may yet contain a rose-covered-cottage design and a border of wedding bells. But in playing the golden-apple game, who wants safety?

As Goethe himself must have realized, the danger is half the fun. Old Johann was a dish collector from way back, and Wolfgang was his middle name. The Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—hardly a scandal sheet—lists no less than 11 major passions in Goethe's life, commencing with one Gretchen at the age of 15, and ending with "a young girl, Ulrike von Levetzow, whom he met at Marienbad" when he was 73.

His most enduring attachment was to Christiane Vulpius, who "gave him quietly, unobtrusively, without making demands on him, the comforts of a home." When she presented him with a son in 1789, Goethe briefly considered "legalizing his relations with Christiane, but this intention was not realized until 1806, when the invasion of Weimar by the French made him fear for both life and property."

That it took an entire army to force Goethe into marriage is strictly beside the point. The point is that even though he took a wife, he never saddled himself with a buddy bride or a girl-about Weimar chum. Right up until the very end, he always had a place to put his golden apples. Which is one thing that helped make the man so great.

Turning from Goethe's biography to his own thumb-worn address book, small wonder if our present-day philosopher-poet might not be moved to exclaim: "Comfort me with dishes, for I am sick of apples!"

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FONTS FOR PRESIDENT *(continued from page 62)*

after six Timothy sheathed his pen and nearly fractured his jaw with the first smile I had ever seen him attempt. Unused cheek muscles shivered under the strain.

"By the way," he said, "if you gentlemen don't mind, I thought we could switch on the TV in a few minutes. Might catch something interesting, y'know."

A certain cat-who-has-just-lunched-on-prime-canary quality in his voice made me reach for the *Tribune*. There, in the television schedule, I found it, a French version of *Face the Nation*. At six-thirty, the paper announced, a surprise guest, Wilbur T. Fonts, would make an appearance on the show to answer questions posed by a panel of reporters. Topics to be discussed included the Algerian question and the role of France in NATO.

"I don't believe it," I said in slack-jawed wonder. "Timothy, how in the world did — Why, Eddie and I haven't even gotten a nibble . . ."

Timothy gave us an enigmatic little wink. "I have a few connections in high places," he said. "It wasn't too difficult, actually."

Eddie fondled the paper thoughtfully. "A reprieve from the governor," he murmured. "Look, let's run over to the studio and take some pictures. We'll never have a chance like this again."

"Right," I said, reaching for my hat. "Are you coming, Timothy?"

"No," said Timothy in his best casket baritone. "I don't like those rusty little cabs. I'll watch the fun from right here."

Luckily the studio was fairly close at hand and our taxi driver, crazed by the prospect of a thousand-franc tip, sped us there through scenes of carnage that made Ben Hur look like an amateur. We disembarked shortly before air time, paid our ransom to the cabby and sprinted into the building. A succulent receptionist gave us directions, and with a flourish of credentials we gained admittance to the right studio.

We entered upon a scene of monumental chaos. Television studios in general are not noted as sanctuaries of calm; if the studio is French the inherent confusion is multiplied by ten. Lights flashed off and on, the stage crew assailed one another with operatic insults, and the director screamed at the electricians. A violinist and a horn man disputed sharps and flats. Behind a desk in a pool of light the four members of the panel breathed dragon-clouds of smoke and spat insults at the moderator, who had made a temple of his hands and was gazing prayerfully toward the ceiling.

By the clock the show was to go on in two minutes, and Congressman Fonts was nowhere to be seen.

"We better ask John Daly there for permission to shoot during the show," said Eddie. "Frankly, I got sort of a sinking sensation. Where do you suppose Weepin' Wilbur is?"

We threaded our way to the moderator's table. I tapped him on the shoulder, and he looked up at me as though I were Marshal Dillon and he the man who had maimed Chester. "Do you speak English?" I asked.

"Yes," he said nervously. "I am going to interpret for the Congressman during the show." He rolled his eyes wildly toward the clock and added, "We have only the one minute. You must forgive me. I am always very agitated before a show. All the great ones are. Take Caruso, for example —"

"Where's the Congressman?" I demanded.

He shrugged. "He might perhaps be in that dressing room. If you see him tell him we are on the air in a matter of seconds. Do you have a cigarette?"

We dashed through a crescendo of confusion to the dressing room. Eddie knocked and drew open the door, and we were looking into the leopard eyes of Rita, the svelte pelt from Le Cave. Beside her stood two squat Bolsheviks, as darkly bewhiskered as the Smith Brothers. On a chair in the center of the room was Congressman Fonts.

He blinked up at us and mumbled, "Welcome aboard, troops! Grab yourself li'l snort an' join the party!" A glass slipped from his hand and splintered on the floor. He was patently potted.

"What have you done to the poor guy?" I shouted in rhetorical panic. "You know he can't go on like this!"

Rita showed her pink gums. "Let us just say that his diet has been largely liquid," she replied sweetly. "It should be an interesting half hour, don't you think?"

It didn't require an IBM brain to put two and two together. "You and Timothy," I summarized quickly. "You planned the whole thing to give the U.S. a black eye. It's a Commie curve ball —"

"I'm sorry to interrupt your feeble metaphors," Rita said, "but we do have a prior engagement. By the arm, Boris."

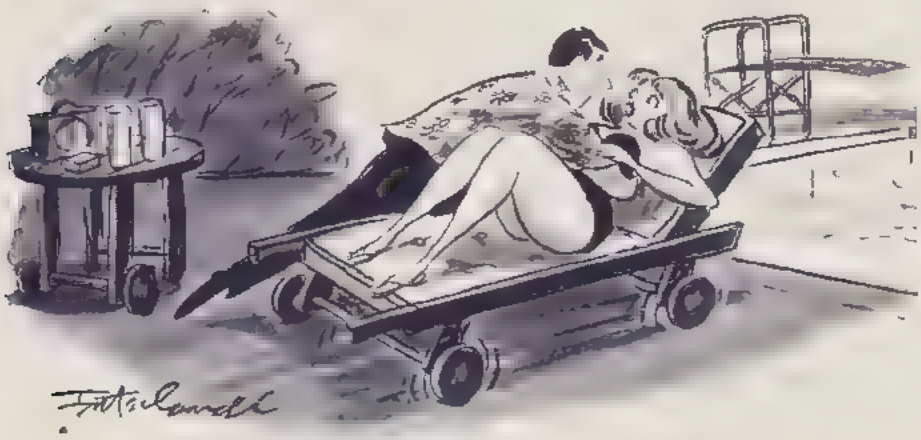
Boris dropped his Neanderthal jaw long enough to remark, "Try to stop an' I keel you both dead," and then tugged the Congressman to his feet. The four of them proceeded out the door while Eddie and I gaped in horror. Unless we did something in a very large hurry a crocked Congressman Fonts was going to go staggering into ten million French living rooms.

"Good-bye, job with pay check," I mumbled feverishly. "Two brilliant careers shot down in flames. At least Weepin' Wilbur has got his fiddle. We don't even —"

"That's it!" Eddie yelped. He leapt into the air like a flushed quail, and then plunged out of the dressing room.

A pall of silence had descended on the studio. All chaos and homicidal disputes were stilled by that old equalizer, ON THE AIR, or its French equivalent. While an announcer simpered sonnets of praise above a tube of toothpaste, the Congressman sloshed into his appointed seat and waved cheerily to the panel. They glared at him with smoking nostrils and twitching pencils, vivisectionists all with tools freshly honed. Rita and her pink paws withdrew to the shadows, smacking their lips in anticipation.

I watched numbly while Eddie ran toward the cameras, slipping through cables and crew with the nimbleness of Crazy Legs Hirsch. Without breaking stride he plucked violin and bow from a startled musician and leapt into the arena of light. Boris took a step forward, but Rita leashed him with her hand. Eddie was standing poised behind



"Watch it, Mr. Carruthers, we're rolling . . ."

the Congressman when the announcer swept his commercial to a rhapsodic conclusion

Eddie whispered something to the moderator, who paled and interred his head in his hands. An alert camera dollied in with predatory instinct. Eddie spread his lips and began to speak

Since my French is rusty enough to give a man lockjaw, I could not then catch the gist of his remarks. But Eddie translated for me later. In his thick Montreal argot he spoke to the French public as follows: "Patriots of France! Our distinguished guest was asked to talk to you this evening on matters of great political import But—on a soft spring night, when lovers gather like chestnut blossoms in the Bois de Bologne, can we dwell for long on dusty affairs of state? The Congressman Fonts says no!

"Not ten minutes ago he told me that he had become intoxicated with the charm and beauty of your capital. Let us forget Algiers and disarmament and tariffs, he said Let me communicate with these people with the language I know best—the universal language of music!

"Ladies and gentlemen of France—I present to you the Congressman Fonts with his international violin!" Dripping with perspiration, Eddie wheeled and handed the instrument to the Congressman, who sat slumped in happy oblivion. "Voters!" Eddie whispered fiercely in his ear. "Election rally!"

A dim light of recognition flickered in Congressman Fonts' eyes. He nodded and smiled benignly at the cameras and then, while I promised God never to cut chapel again, he tucked that fiddle under his several chins and sailed full steam into *Turkey in the Straw*

The rest, of course, is political history. For a full half hour our convivial Congressman sawed away, tackling everything from *Red River Valley* to *La Vie en Rose*. The panelists were enthralled. They applauded each number, and argued savagely among themselves over what selection he should play next. I don't think the Congressman really knew where he was, but it didn't matter. He had his fiddle under his chin, and if there was one activity he liked better than talking, it was making corpone music in front of the young public. He never even opened his mouth.

What matter if the moment we went off the air he suddenly sprang to his feet and roared, "Hey, gotta go! Be late for that li'l ol' TV show!" The point is that the studio switchboard was soon twinkling with calls from all over France. Who was this saint, this politician who kept his mouth shut? Never had a half hour gone so quickly. Why, the man seemed almost drunk with emotion. He was an *artiste*, a genius with a soul clear as cognac.

For the next hour Eddie and I alternately fed the Congressman great steaming cups of coffee and pumped each other's hands, happy to be still numbered among the working classes. And when the Congressman regained his perspective we explained what had happened. He sat blinking for a while, and then asked quietly, "Where's Rita?"

Rita and her bearded bully boys, we said, had departed the scene during the third chorus of *The Blue Tail Fly*.

The Congressman sighed "Boys," he said, "let me give you a word of advice. Never, never trust a red-headed Communist"

We were not too surprised to find on our return to the hotel that Timothy had also disappeared. It seemed more than likely that he, Rita and friends had all received an impromptu armed escort to the deep-freeze country. Nice tries don't count there.

If you follow the newspapers at all you will remember that for the next two days Congressman Fonts was a Parisian celebrity. It was all I could do to handle the avalanche of interview requests, and Eddie soon developed a cramp in his snapping finger. The Congressman was asked to play the *Marseillaise* in the Chamber of Deputies. Two movie offers were made. No one was at all surprised when he was summoned to play a command performance for General De Gaulle.

In fact the only sour notes, aside from a few Congressional clinkers, came from the Communist press which shouted something about a red herring. Fortunately no one paid any attention to them, or to the slightly damp origins of the Congressman's sudden fame.

With the instinct of an old pro he left them shouting for more. We planed out on schedule and, rocked in the cradle of the jet-stream, snoozed all the happy way back to Idlewild

"You know, fellows," the Congressman mused as we walked into the terminal, "I never did get to talk to anyone about the Algerian problem or this—whadya callit—this NATO thing Do you think anyone noticed?"

Eddie paused by a newsstand and held up a copy of the *Daily News*. FONTS FIDDLES WHILE REDS BURN, the headlines bellowed. "I don't think so," he said thoughtfully.

"By Godfrey," murmured Congressman Fonts, lighting a fresh cigar. "International stature at last."

"Come on, Congressman, we'll buy you a drink," I said, pointing to the bar.

The Congressman hesitated. "No, you go ahead without me," he grinned "Personally, I never touch the stuff"

So Eddie and I went in and touched the stuff.

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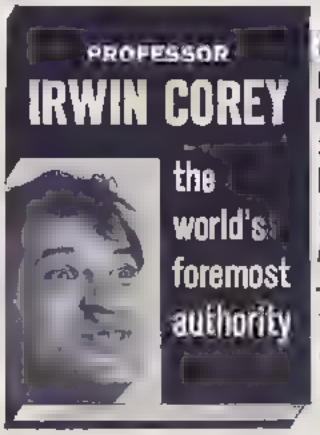

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O You New York Girls

(continued from page 30)

you, Charles?" Mr. Stagg said.

It was a time to be absolutely frank. "Yes sir," Charles said. "I do. But I want to finish my book too. I really want to be a writer."

"You are, Charles," Mr. Stagg said. "You are." Then he said, "I'm going to load you with work in this banker's-hours setup. You better have a nicer office and you better have a full-time girl. That Miss Chatsworth, she's just about right for you."

Virginia Chatsworth was the receptionist who doubled as Charles' stenographer. "I'll raise her fifteen," Mr. Stagg said, "and I'll let you break the good news to her."

Carefully evaluated, the whole thing was good news to Charles, too. But the best part of it was wrecked when his mother called him a few days later. "Charlie," she said, "I've got to tell Bill about your job. He's going to New York, something about business, and I've talked him into taking me. But he would have found out anyway. I think you'd better pretend you haven't had your job very long."

"All right," Charles said. "I don't think I want to meet your plane. I'd rather see you alone first."

"It's a train, darling, and I understand your feelings perfectly. Can I meet you at your office? And will you make me laugh, darling?"

Certainly Charles had much affection for his mother, but they had never been sentimental about each other and Charles was surprised at his upsurge of filial warmth when Miss Chatsworth brought his mother into his office. "Darling," his mother said, "you look so handsome, Charlie. You look just like your father, damn him."

"Well," Charles said, "you're more beautiful than ever. I was afraid you'd turned into a crone."

"It would take more than Bill Dolson to do that. And by the way, your allowance is cut off, dear, I'm sorry, and let's please not even talk about it right now." She looked around Charles' office. "My," she said, "How dignified. And how rich. And what a pretty pretty little girl to attend your wants and needs. What's her name?"

"Temptation," Charles said. "I think."

"Darling," his mother said, "I don't know what to do with a subtlety any more."

"Well," Charles said, "Mr. Stagg is a very chivalrous man. He'd cut off his right arm rather than put it around the waist of a defenseless maiden. And I've an idea he wants to be damn sure I'm of the same persuasion. Hence the delectable Virginia Chatsworth."

"Virginia Chatsworth, how nice," his mother said. Then she said: "I think she's in love with you."

Now, Josie," Charles said, "Behave yourself. I've just explained to you that I can't afford to get involved with the female help here."

"Well, you can someday," his mother said. "It seems to me that you've a future with this Mr. Stagg if he's testing you so carefully."

"It's the present that counts," Charles said. "I have a damn good job here and I want to keep it until I'm established as a writer."

"Darling," his mother said, "don't be short-sighted, not when he has all that money!"

"He's not a philanthropic institution, Josie," Charles said.

"I should hope not!" his mother said. Then she began to smile her dreamy smile and tap at her front teeth. "You said he has a daughter," she said.

Charles laughed. "What a plotter you are, Josie," he said. "I've never even seen the girl. But you should hear him talk about her. She is beautiful, thoughtful, kind, witty, marvelous, a nonpareil, in fact. And she lives a carefully supervised life. No fortune hunters going to get her, no sir. Tom Stagg will see to it personally that the right man marries *his* daughter."

"He tells you all this?" Charles' mother said.

"He tells me all kinds of things," Charles said. "I'm his boy Friday. It's my job to understand him."

"He must be a remarkable man," Charles' mother said.

"You should meet him," Charles said. "Say," he said, "there's no reason why you shouldn't. Would you like to?"

"It's about time you thought of it, darling," his mother said. "I'm only dying of curiosity."

Afterward Charles saw that there was nothing fortuitous about that day. It was inevitable that his mother should be curious about Mr. Stagg, it was inevitable that Mr. Stagg should buy them a lunch; and it was also inevitable that Mr. Stagg should use the occasion to introduce his daughter. Her name was Beth Anne and she was waiting in a black limousine outside of the restaurant.

They were all events that were simply waiting to happen, but at the time Charles' mind was split between wondering how he was going to get along without Bill Dolson's allowance and an acknowledgment of his mother's rightness in the surroundings of that expensive restaurant. Mr. Stagg couldn't read the French menu and he didn't pretend trying. His conversation with the sommelier was intelligent but not knowledgeable. But he tasted with appreciation and he commanded superb service and Charles, mulling his own problems, observed that Mr. Stagg had the rare gift of conveying the grace of good service to the women at his table. Charles had never seen his mother happier.

After lunch they strolled in Beekman Place, Mr. Stagg and his mother walking ahead. "Didn't you like your lunch?" Beth-Anne Stagg said to Charles.

"What?" Charles said. "Oh, yes. It was wonderful. I don't often get to places like that."

"You shouldn't worry when you're eating," Beth-Anne said. "My," she said, "but your mother is beautiful."

"Well," Charles said, "as your father pointed out when he introduced us, I'm not the only one with a beauty in the family."

Beth Anne laughed. "I'll accept that, from you," she said. "Most men would flatter me if I looked like a toad, you know."

"I suppose so," Charles said. "It must be tough."

"Don't be nasty," Beth-Anne said. "I think I like you." She put her hand on his arm and Charles noticed, ahead of them, that Mr. Stagg had his mother's elbow cupped in his hand. "And you'll probably want to marry me," Beth-Anne was saying, "like all the rest of them." She glanced up at him and smiled with a kind of teasing maliciousness. "Would you like to marry me, Charles Corday?"

"Why, yes," Charles said. "I think we've been engaged much too long, don't you?"

"What are you two laughing at?" Mr. Stagg said. He and Charles' mother had stopped and the black limousine had mysteriously appeared.

"I might ask you the same question, sir," Charles said.

Mr. Stagg looked out over the East River. "Isn't it fine to be alive," he said. "And a beautiful woman makes the whole thing make sense, don't you agree, Charles?"

The chauffeur had opened the door of the car and Mr. Stagg said: "Let me take you to your hotel, Mrs. Dolson."

For the first time that day Charles saw his mother at a loss, and it came to him that Bill Dolson had undoubtedly booked into a commercial hotel. "Why," she said, "thank you. But I'd really like to get out at Fifth or Madison and window-shop."

"Whatever you say, ma'am," Mr. Stagg said. "You stay with your mother awhile, Charles," he said. "And don't hurry back."

Charles went in and out of several specialty shops with his mother. She looked at things and kept turning them over and, pushing them about in an irritable way. "What's the matter with you, Josie?" Charles said. "I thought you had a good time."

"I did and that's what's the matter with me," his mother said. She looked at the imported blouse that was being modeled for her. "Oh," she said, "I

only I could spend and spend and spend. Why don't you run back to your office, darling," she said. "I'll get over this. And don't forget, you're having dinner with Bill and me tonight."

Dinner that night turned out to be at Bill Dolson's third-rate hotel. Bill Dolson had made some money that day. He drank a lot of old fashioneds and got himself into an expansive mood. 'Let's do the town, eh Charlie-boy?" he said. "You know any good nightclubs?"

Charles named a few and Bill Dolson seemed to get soberer. "Now Charlie," he said, "I didn't make any million dollars today, you know."

"Well," Charles said, "you can always ask a taxi driver."

"OK," Bill Dolson said. "You do that little thing, Charlie-boy."

"No," Charles said, 'I think you'd better do it, Bill."

Charles' mother shuddered when they went into the place and Charles patted her hand. "He has an instinct for these dives," she whispered to Charles. "An absolute instinct. Can you imagine him in Paris?

It was not an evening that Charles cared to remember, but one incident stayed in his mind. A cigarette girl stopped at their table. She was nearly naked in a tatty costume, and she looked down at Charles with tired eyes. "Feet hurt, honey?" Charles said.

"God yes," the girl said.

Charles took a five out of his billfold and dropped it into her tray and turned his palm against her gesture of making change. "You must of had a fight with your girlfriend,' the cigarette girl said "but thanks anyway." She moved to Bill Dolson.

Bill Dolson had been watching Charles with amazement. "Well," he said to the cigarette girl, "I think our young friend here has bought me a pack, too, at least." One of his hands hovered over the tray. Charles didn't see the other hand but he saw the cigarette girl start suddenly. "He didn't buy you that mister,' she said. "You want something else for free? Like a free ride out on your ass?'

"Now girlie," Bill Dolson said. "Don't get above yourself."

Charles' mother was looking somewhere else and smiling brightly, but the rims of her nostrils had turned white.

At the station the next day he had a few moments alone with his mother. 'Well," she said, "I certainly made my bed, didn't I? And don't start telling me not to do anything foolish, dear. I'm not that foolish. Darling," she said, 'you know I didn't try to sell you to your Mr. Stagg yesterday, don't you?'

'Of course," Charles said. "You didn't need to, Josie. You just made your own marvelous impression, as if you didn't know.'

Darling, I love bald flattery. I hope it doesn't mean I'm getting old. Well anyway, dear, I'm worried about you and I'll certainly send you any loose money I can scrape up, but if I *did* make this impression on Mr. Stagg couldn't you just go and ask him for a raise?"

'No," Charles said. "I don't think it would be wise at all to let Mr. Stagg know I have any concern about small money."

But Charles was deeply concerned. His standard of living was about to be forced down. Walking across town to his apartment he thought of a television producer he had met and entertained once or twice. Charles decided to call him.

"Remember when you told me to stop wasting my time on serious writing and make some real money in television?" he said.

"Yeah," the producer said. "And remember you said you'd have to be starving before you'd think of writing such crap?"

'Well," Charles said, "I'm starving."

"Charlie," the producer said, 'you'd better soak up some of these adult Westerns, but not too many. And go down to the Forty-second Street library and get yourself a working knowledge of sodbusters, diamond hitches, the Lincoln County War, the Chisolm Trail. Then let's see what kind of a script you can do."

It was the beginning of a period of very hard work. And Charles could not be single-minded about it. He wanted the prestige of a published novel, and he wanted a legitimate advance, and he set aside a period each day to continue writing the novel. Mr. Stagg had much for him to do. Charles stopped entertaining and sacrificed sleep. He became celibate. His nerves started to jump.

"Charles," Mr. Stagg said, "your mother is about the most charming and beautiful woman I've ever met."

And I wish you'd met her a year ago, Charles thought. "Yes, sir,' he said, and laughed. 'I agree with you completely." He might not have said any more, but he'd been up nearly all night with his television script. "She's also one of the bravest women I know," he said.

Call me Tom, Charles," Mr. Stagg said. "And what's that about your mother?"

There was nothing like the truth, Charles decided, especially when you found yourself blurting things. "Well, sir," he said, "she made a terrible mistake in Mr. Dolson. And she has to live with it."

'Charles," Mr. Stagg said, "I want you to call me Tom. What kind of a mistake, Charles?'

"Tom," Charles said, "it's an unpleasant word but Mr. Dolson has turned out to be a lecher." And hang on to yourself about the miser part, Charles

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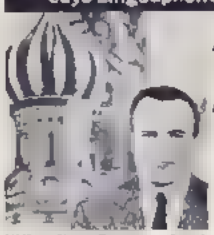

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advised himself: millionaires are sensitive.

Tom Stagg's face reddened a little. "I hate a skirt-chaser," he said, "just as much as you do, Charles."

Charles went back to his office. "Miss Chatsworth," he said, "you are the most beautiful and charming girl I have ever known."

"Why——" she said, and her eyes opened and her lips trembled. "Why, Mr. Corday I never knew you even noticed me!"

Charles sat at his desk. "Get me some aspirin, Miss Chatsworth," he said, "and get thee to a nunnery."

Charles sent the producer his script and went to see him a few days later. The producer seemed to be having a quarrel in his office with a stunning brunette girl, and he seemed glad to have Charles interrupt.

"I haven't a thing for you, Lorene," the producer was saying. "Why don't you let me call you."

The brunette's eyes were flaming and her mouth was set; but the producer's secretary was holding the door open. The brunette turned to go, her look softened somewhat as she faced Charles, and then she swept out.

"Actresses," the producer said, "if you could call that one an actress. I don't know how they leak through casting and get up here, but they do." He took Charles' script from his blotter. "This isn't bad, Charlie," he said. "Can you do a dozen or twenty more?"

"A dozen or twenty!" Charles said.

"Well I want a package, Charlie. All right, do three or four more and I'll put you in touch with somebody who'll show you how to whip them into shape. And try to get you some money too. You've got some real nice touches, Charles, but you have things to learn yet."

The brunette named Lorene was still in the reception room when Charles went out. "Did he throw you out too?" she said.

"What?" Charles said. "Oh no. I was just showing him a sample."

"So was I," Lorene said. "They'll always take a free sample."

Charles looked at Lorene and then at his watch. "Care to have lunch with me?" he said.

"Lunch!" Lorene said in a horrified way.

"All right," Charles said. "Dinner, then." Dimly, Charles had the thought that she was not his cup of tea at all. But Charles was tired beyond good judgment, and his celibacy was crowding him.

In the morning Charles said: "Good morning, Lorene. You're as smooth as cream, Lorene."

"For God's sake," she said. "It's the middle of the night."

"Up and at 'em," Charles said, forcing himself to briskness. "You like coffee, I trust. A little juice and coffee before you start your daily rounds?"

"Charlie," Lorene said, "let me stay with you."

"Lorene," Charles said, "it was nice knowing you."

She got up and stretched, smiling. There was no doubt about her figure, it was terrific, and Charles felt really grateful to her: he felt like a human being again this morning. But the line had to be drawn, especially when they started talking like that.

Lorene was still smiling. She padded the length of the room, opened the French windows, and went into the garden. Charles pulled on a dressing gown and rushed after her. "What in *the* hell is the idea," he said, pulling her back inside. "Going out there in your pelt. Do you want the cops around here?"

She twined herself around him. And Charles began to hold her in a different way. At once she slipped away from him and ran back to the French windows. Charles knew better than to chase her. "You win," he said, "temporarily. Just don't be here when I come back."

That morning Tom Stagg said, "Charles, I've got a problem I want you to help me on. This time it's a personal one."

"Yes sir," Charles said. "Sure, Tom."

"It's Beth-Anne. I can't keep these young fellows away from her completely. She's over eighteen. But there's a lot of snakes, as I told you before. Trouble is, we don't belong up here. Any man got serious about her I could get a line on him, sure. But by then it could be too late."

"Why not send her to Switzerland for a year," Charles said.

"Charles, she's all I've got now," Tom Stagg said. "I wish you'd take her out a little. She likes you, you know. And some of these Ivy boys that come slobbering around—I guess you'd know some of their families, the good ones that is."

"I certainly know some of them," Charles said.

"Well I wish you'd take Beth-Anne to tea at the Plaza this afternoon."

It was a command, of course, but Charles could not truthfully say that he resented it. The idea of squiring Beth Anne, and the hands-off implication, were subtly exciting, a refinement of his relationship with Virginia Chatsworth. More than a few girls had been invited to Charles' apartment by reason of Miss Chatsworth's aphrodisiac effect on him.

At noon Miss Chatsworth said: "A lady wants to talk to you, Mr. Corday, but she won't give her name."

"Charlie," Lorene said, "would you like me to cook your dinner?"

"No," Charles said. Once or twice before he had let girls linger in the apartment, but he had never liked doing it. "I thought I told you to get out of there," he said.

"Charlie," she said, "I haven't anywhere to go to. I'll make it worth your while, honest. I'm better than I was last night."

After all, the day was half over. Charles thought of her figure, and her ardor. "All right," he said, "and there's one condition. Don't you ever call me at the office here again."

Two weeks later Lorene said: "Now Aren't I a good housekeeper?"

"Yes," Charles said. He did not stop typing.

"And good for other things?" Lorene bent over him.

Charles pulled the sheet out of his machine. The type and a lot of other black specks were dancing in front of his eyes and a nervous tic was having a life of its own in the muscles of his back. He had taken Beth Anne to the Plaza, he had taken her to Rumpelmayer's, he had given her Sunday lunch on the terrace at the zoo, he had taken her to Chinatown and to Eddie Condon's. He had taken Lorene to the Stork Club and Sardi's and he knew he wouldn't be welcomed back, not with her. Lorene wanted to be seen but she wanted something else even more badly.

"A troublemaker from away back," the television producer said, after Charles had contrived to bring up her name. "She'd rather bitch things up than eat, that one. Nobody in the business'll touch her. Say, this is really a nice tense buildup. You're coming along, Charles. You're not ready, but you're coming."

"Yes," Charles said now to Lorene, "you're good for other things, too, and this can't go on. You aren't even looking for a job. I'll give you enough to keep you in the Barbizon for a month, and let's say good-bye."

"The Barbizon," she said.

"Anywhere," Charles said.

Her eyes began to glitter and Charles knew that she was beginning to work herself up to another one of those scenes she had used to keep herself in the apartment. She could scream and throw things and she could tear her clothes and run screaming out of the apartment. She had tried all of these things and Charles had had a final warning from the building agents. Charles Corday was in a classic trap and he was beginning to understand why men murdered women.

Suddenly Lorene said: "I love you. Why can't we get married?"

"Because I don't want to get married. I don't want to marry you and I don't want to marry anybody else."

"Oh yes you do. You want to marry that pie-faced rich girl you've been taking to those so-nice places."

"How do you know about any rich girl?" Charles put his hands to his head. He was picking up her lines like a fool.

"Because I watch you, that's why I know where you go and everything." Lorene smiled. "I like doing that better than I like looking for work."

"Well it won't pay as well," Charles said.

"Won't it. Your stepfather is a millionaire."

"You do research as well as spying," Charles said.

"I think I may telephone him some time," Lorene said. "They won't like it in Boston, what you're doing with me."

Charles began to laugh. He did not know it at the time, but it was a bad mistake. "You may get a surprise if you send that news to Boston," he said.

"Darling," Lorene said. "It's only because I love you."

"All *right*," Charles said.

"Charles," Tom Stagg said, "I guess you know what this is all about, hey son?"

"Tom," Charles said, "don't make me guess."

"Charles, would you say Beth-Anne's in love with you?"

"I don't know," Charles said. "I certainly haven't promoted anything there, Tom."

"I know you haven't, son. You're too decent, Charles," Tom Stagg said, "I just want you to know I'd be mighty glad to have you for a son-in-law. That's what it's all about, Charles. That's what it's been all about for a long time now."

Mr. Stagg's secretary knocked. "There's a lady on the telephone for Mr. Corday. Miss Chatsworth put her through to me because she said it was urgent and personal."

"Your mother?" Tom Stagg said, looking grave. "Take it outside if you like, Charles."

"Charlie," Lorene said, "I've been thinking. Maybe they don't care in Boston if I talk, but your boss wouldn't like it if he heard about you and I. *Would he, Charlie.*"

"I'll have to give you a decision on that later," Charles said.

"It has to be a lot more than any mouth at the Barbizon, Charlie. Lots and lots more."

"I'll give it very serious consideration," Charles said. "*God*," he said, when he had hung up.

"Not bad news, Charles," Tom Stagg said. His door had been open.

"A woman writer," Charles said. "Persistent, and a pest."

"Oh, one of those. I don't know why I thought it was your mother. I think about her, Charles. It's sad. Well," Tom Stagg said, "we were talking about Beth-Anne."

"Tom," Charles said, "I'm greatly honored. My realest concern is Beth-Anne's age. She's awfully young for marriage."

"You want to marry her, don't you?" Tom Stagg said.

"Certainly," Charles said, "even though it was beyond my wildest dreams, Tom. She's adorable."

"Well don't worry about her age, then." And Charles. Ask my girl out there for your new pay check. I think you'll like it."

Bought and paid for, Charles thought, but not in his own office. He looked at the pay check. It was tremendous. He looked at his bank statement and then went to his apartment.

"Lorene," he said, "I'm going to give you a thousand dollars, and that's the end."

She looked at him carefully. "No," she said.

"*Listen*," Charles said.

"That's a lot more than a month at the Barbizon," she said. "And why aren't you getting right to work on your television script, the way you usually do? Something good happened to you today, that's why."

"How much do you want?" Charles said.

"Five thousand," she said.

"Why don't you ask for fifty thousand?" Charles said. "Your chances of getting it are the same."

The next day Miss Chatsworth said: "That same lady is calling you again, Mr. Corday."

"Tell her I'm not here," Charles said.

He watched Virginia Chatsworth speak into her telephone, then turn white, then hang up. "I've never heard a woman say things like that before in my life," she said. Then she said, "Mr. Corday, is she trying to make trouble for you?"

Charles looked into Miss Chatsworth's guileless eyes, and read the concern in her face. "Yes," he said, "and she's going to take it to Mr. Stagg if I don't buy her off soon."

"Well I know it isn't your fault, Mr. Corday. It *couldn't* be. I'll do my best to keep her from getting through to Mr. Stagg."

"Virginia," Charles said, "Someday I hope to be able to reward you adequately."

The telephone rang again. "No," Miss Chatsworth said, "he isn't."

"I'll talk to her," Charles said. He waited until the secretary had closed the door behind her, then he said: "All right, Lorene. I'm going to try to get it for you from my stepfather and I can't do it all in one day, so behave yourself."

"Charlie," Lorene said, "I hope you mean it. Why can't we get married, Charlie? You'll have all of his money someday."

"He's going to live forever," Charles said. "Don't you want yours right now?"

"Yes," Lorene said.

Charles called his mother in Boston. "Listen," he said, "to a long long story," and he told her everything.

"Well," his mother said, "congratulations on the Beth-Anne part. I don't see Bill buying you out of this other, though."

"Even if he sees what I lose?"

"Well *he* won't be losing anything, dear."

"I might as well sign on a freighter," Charles said.

"Don't be silly," his mother said. "Let me think for a minute." She began to laugh. "Is this Lorene good-looking?"

"Terrific," Charles said. "But in a cheap sort of way. I promise you, Josie, I never would have looked at her twice if I hadn't been so damn tired and — well."

His mother laughed again. "I think I'm going to tell Bill that you called to invite us to New York. You had such a wonderful time with him last time you want to do the town again."

"I see," Charles said. "I mean, I don't."

"Promise your Lorene anything, dear," his mother said. "It can't do any harm even though I can't promise you anything except that I'll be down. And Bill is restless. I'm sure he'll come too."

His mother met Charles in his office. "Darling," she said, "you look terrible."

"It's like living on the edge of a damn cliff," Charles said. "And Tom keeps telling me to go away and have a rest."

His mother sat in one of Charles' chairs. "I think you'd better take us all to dinner tonight," she said. "And tell this Lorene to be *very* nice to Bill. Tell her that's where the money's coming from but say he thinks it's for her stage training or whatever."

"Do I see the plot?" Charles said. He began to laugh. "Josie," he said, "I think I'm catching up with you."

"Let's catch our rabbit first," his mother said. "Our rabbits, I mean."

Charles reserved a table at a place where there was dancing. He encouraged Bill Dolson to drink and he encouraged him to dance with Lorene. After a while Bill Dolson didn't need any encouragement at all. Going back to the hotel in a taxi, Bill Dolson did something that made Lorene gasp, and then giggle; and he said something privately to her when Charles was handing his mother out of the taxi.

"You did quite well tonight," Charles said to Lorene when they were alone. "I think he'll part with your five thousand."

"Oh shut up," Lorene said.

In the morning Charles talked for a while with his mother on the telephone and then went in to see Tom Stagg. "Tom," he said, "I hate to bother you about a personal matter, but my mother needs help."

"She can sure count on it from me," Tom Stagg said.

"It's my stepfather," Charles said. "He and my mother are in town and there's this girl he's been playing around with and, well, my mother can't stand it any more. I was wondering if your lawyers could put me on to a reliable detective agency."

"I can't say I'm sorry to hear this, Charles," Tom Stagg said. "That snake has it coming to him. Call my lawyers and use my name."

Charles met the detective in a quiet cocktail lounge. "I'm pretty sure they'll try to get together tonight," he said, "and at this address." He gave the detective the address of his apartment. "But they could go someplace else so don't lose them once we all get together."

"There'll be three of us," the detective said. "I gather that expense is no object."

"That's right," Charles said, "but no cure, no pay. I want them absolutely *flagrante delicto*."

"We call it something else," the detective said, laughing. "Very rude. But our photographer never misses. Don't worry."

But Charles did worry. Fortunately Bill Dolson wanted them all to have dinner together again, so Charles didn't have to risk the possible obviousness of making another invitation himself. The rest of it could look thin, if inspected.

He arrived at the dinner party late. "Mr. Stagg's been holding me up," he said. "He's making me take a train tonight for Baltimore. Some writer I have to talk to."

"Oh darling," his mother said. "No!"

"That's tough, Charlie," Bill Dolson said. "Real tough."

"I wanted to be with you as long as I could," Charles said, "so I rushed home and packed my bags and left them at the office. There's some stuff there I have to take, too."

"Lorene," Bill Dolson said, "let's dance."

Charles' mother broke a stick of celery and then began to giggle. "I'm going to get hysterical," she said. "What shall I sue for, darling, alimony or a property settlement?"

"Property settlement," Charles said, "and stop it. These rabbits aren't caught yet. Look at the way he's holding her."

"Look at the way she's holding him. Aren't we wicked?"

"This is survival," Charles said.

At eleven o'clock Charles stood up. "Don't let me break up the party," he said.

"Not a chance, boy," Bill Dolson said.

"I hate to say good-bye to you," his mother said. "Why don't I go to the station with you?"

"Stay and have fun," Charles said. "I'm starting to get a headache from the smoke," his mother said. "I want to go to the station with you and then right back to the hotel. I feel as though I could sleep for a year."

"Well," Charles said, "in that case —"

Outside, his mother clutched his arm suddenly. "Has she got a key?" she said.

"Key?" Charles said. "Oh, to my apartment. You don't know Lorene very well, darling. She lifted my spare and had a duplicate made long ago." He put a bill into the doorman's hand and the doorman whistled at a taxi. "So now all we have to do is go to my office, and wait. Are you nervous?"

"I could scream," his mother said.

"Well I've got some Scotch there," Charles said.

• • •

That fall Tom Stagg said: "Charles, how'd you like me for a stepfather?"

"Why," Charles said, "I can't think of anything better." He put out his hand. "I can't say I haven't seen this coming," he said.

"We're going to go to Paris," Tom Stagg said. "London, Paris, Vienna, Rome. Maybe across to Rio."

"She'll love that," Charles said.

"So will I. Let's sit down, Charles. Your novel's doing well. Making the salesmen cuss, but I told them to push it."

"I can stand the salesmen's displeasure," Charles said. "And I've got another one going."

"Good, good." Tom Stagg began to look around the office in an embarrassed way. "I know how important your writing is to you, Charles," he said, "but I can't just throw this business away. Think you could handle it and your writing too?"

"Yes," Charles said.

"I hoped you'd say that." Tom Stagg stood up. "Move into my office any time," he said. "It's yours now. I'm going to have lunch with your mother, and you're not invited." He laughed and then paused in the doorway. "By the way," he said, "your mother thinks Beth-Anne should go to Switzerland, same as you."

"She's too young to be rushed," Charles said. "We have to be fair to her, even though she doesn't like it."

"Nobody could be fairer than you, Charles," Tom Stagg said.

Charles washed his hands and then went back to his office for his hat. "I'll be back about three," he said to Miss Chatsworth.

Miss Chatsworth turned her beautiful face up to him. "Yes, Mr. Corday," she said.

"Virginia," Charles said, "it won't be long now."

"What won't, Mr. Corday?"

"You'll see, Virginia," Charles said. "You'll see."

RENAISSANCE

(continued from page 48)

tional Radio Astronomy Observatory, Green Bank, West Virginia, and many other observatories will follow suit when they have built the necessary equipment. This is perhaps the most momentous quest upon which men have ever embarked: sooner or later, it will be successful.

From the background of cosmic noise, the hiss and crackle of exploding stars and colliding galaxies, we will someday filter out the faint, rhythmic pulses that are the voice of intelligence. At first we will know only (only!) that there are other minds than ours in the Universe; later we will learn to interpret these signals. Some of them, it is fair to assume, will carry images — the equivalent of picture-telegraphy, or even television. It will be fairly easy to deduce the coding and reconstruct these images. One day, perhaps not far in the future, some cathode-ray screen will show pictures from another world.

Let me repeat that this is no fantasy. At this very moment millions of dollars' worth of electronic equipment are engaged upon the search. It may not be successful until the radio astronomers can get into orbit, where they can build antennas miles across and can shield them from the incessant din of Earth. We may have to wait ten — or a hundred — years for the first results: no matter. The point I wish to make is that even if we can never leave our Solar System in a physical sense, we may yet learn something about the civilizations circling other stars — and they may learn about us. For as soon as we detect messages from space, we will attempt to answer them.

There are fascinating and endless grounds for speculation here: let us consider just a few of the possibilities. (And in a universe of a hundred thousand million suns, almost any possibility is a certainty — somewhere, sometime.) We have known radio for barely a lifetime, and TV for an even shorter period: all our techniques of electronic communication must be incredibly primitive. Yet even now, if put to it, we could send our culture pulsing across the light-years. Perhaps our TV has already been picked up by Outsiders: in which case they have received examples of our culture at its lowest, instead of at its highest and best.

Music, painting, sculpture, even architecture present no problems, since they involve easily transmitted patterns. Literature raises much greater difficulties, it could be *transmitted*, but could it be *communicated*, even if it were preceded by the most elaborate radio equivalent of the Rosetta Stone?

But something must be lost in any

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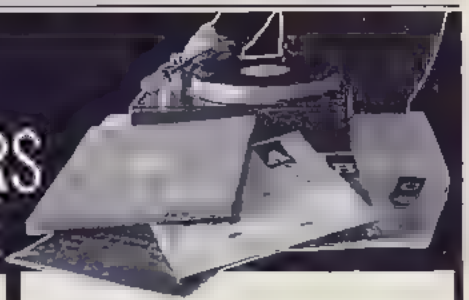

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contact between cultures; what is gained is far more important. In the ages to come we may lock minds with many strange beings, and study with incredulity, delight or horror, civilizations that may be older than our Earth. Some of them will have ceased to exist during the centuries that their signals have been crossing space. The radio astronomers will thus be the true interplanetary archaeologists reading inscriptions and examining works of art whose creators passed away before the building of the pyramids. Even this is a modest estimate; a radio wave arriving now from a star at the heart of the Milky Way (the stellar whirlpool in whose lonely outer reaches our sun gyrates) must have started its journey around 20,000 B.C. When Toynbee defined renaissances as "contacts between civilizations in time" he could hardly have guessed that this phrase might one day have an astronomical application.

Radio-prehistory — electronic archaeology — may have consequences at least as great as the classical studies of the past. The races whose messages we interpret and whose images we reconstruct will obviously be of a very high order, and the impact of their art and technology upon our own culture will be enormous. The rediscovery of Greek and Latin literature in the Fifteenth Century, the avalanche of knowledge when the Manhattan Project was revealed, the glories uncovered at the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb, the excavation of Troy, the publication of the *Principia* and *The Origin of Species* — these widely dissimilar examples may hint at the stimulus and excitement that may come when we have learned to interpret the messages that for ages have fallen upon the heedless Earth. Not all of these messages — not many, perhaps — will bring us comfort. The proof, which is now only a matter of time, that this young species of ours is low in the scale of cosmic intelligence, will be a shattering blow to our pride. Few of our current religions can be expected to survive it, contrary to the optimistic forecasts from certain quarters.

• • •

The examples I have given, and the possibilities I have outlined, should be enough to prove that there is rather more to space-exploration than shooting mice into orbit, or taking photos of the far side of the Moon. These are merely the trivial preliminaries to the age of discovery that is now about to dawn. Though that age will provide the necessary ingredients for a renaissance, we cannot be sure that one will follow. The present situation has no exact parallel in the history of mankind; the past can provide hints, but no firm guidance. To find anything comparable with our forthcoming ventures into space, we must go back far beyond Columbus, far beyond Odysseus — far, indeed, beyond the first ape man. We must contemplate the moment, now irrevocably lost in the mists of time, when the ancestor of all of us came crawling out of the sea.

For this is where life began, and where most of this planet's life remains to this day, trapped in a meaningless cycle of birth and death. Only the creatures who dared the hostile alien land were able to develop intelligence; now, that intelligence is about to face a still greater challenge. It may even be that this beautiful Earth of ours is no more than a brief resting place between the sea of salt where we were born, and the sea of stars on which we must now venture forth.

There are, of course, many who would deny this, with varying degrees of indignation or even fear. Consider the following extract from Lewis Mumford's *The Transformation of Man*: "Post-historic man's starvation of life would reach its culminating point in interplanetary travel . . . Under such conditions, life would again narrow down to the physiological functions of breathing, eating, and excretion. . . . By comparison, the Egyptian cult of the dead was overflowing with vitality; from a mummy in his tomb one can still gather more of the attributes of a full human being than from a spaceman."

I am afraid that Professor Mumford's view of space-travel is slightly myopic, and conditioned by the present primitive state of the art. But when he also writes: "No one can pretend . . . that existence on a space satellite or on the barren face of the Moon would bear any resemblance to human life" he may well be expressing a truth he had not intended. "Existence on dry land," the more conservative fish may have said to their amphibious relatives, a billion years ago, "will bear no resemblance to piscatorial life. We will stay where we are."

They did. They are still fish.

It can hardly be denied that Professor Mumford's view is held, consciously or otherwise, by a very large number of Americans, particularly those older and more influential ones who determine policy. This prompts certain somber conclusions, which are reinforced by the successes of the Russian space effort. Perhaps the United States has already suffered that failure of nerve which is one of the first signs that a civilization has contracted out from the future.

Anyone sufficiently cynical, and sufficiently well-informed, could produce ample evidence of this from the record of the United States' space program. The rivalry between the various services is notorious, and the full fantastic story of the Pentagon's dealings with the Army Ballistic Missile Agency (which was reluctantly permitted to launch the first American satellite) is almost a textbook example of the saying "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." There is no indication that in this case, the gods had to exert themselves unduly.

The whole structure of American society may well be unfitted for the effort that the conquest of space demands. No nation can afford to divert its ablest men into such essentially non-creative, and occasionally parasitic, occupations as law, advertising and banking. (Some of my best friends are — or were — lawyers, ad-men and bankers, but truth must out.) Nor can it afford to squander indefinitely the technical man power it does possess. Not long ago *Life* magazine published a photograph that was a horrifying social document. It showed seven thousand engineers massed behind the car that their combined efforts, plus several hundred million dollars, had just produced. The time may well come when the United States, if it wishes to stay in space, will have to consider freezing automobile design for a few years — or better still, reverting to the last models that were any good, which some authorities date around 1954.

It does not necessarily follow that the Soviet Union can do much better: if it expects to master space by its own efforts, it will soon find that it has bitten off more than it can chew. The combined resources of mankind are inadequate for the task, and always will be. We may regard with some amusement the Russians' attempts to "go it alone," and should be patient with their quaint old-fashioned flag-waving as they plant the hammer and sickle on the Moon. All such flurries of patriotism will be necessarily short-lived. The Russians themselves destroyed the concept of nationality when they sent Sputnik I flashing across a hundred frontiers. But because this is perfectly obvious, it will be some little time before everyone sees it, and all governments realize that the only runner in the much-vaunted space race is — man.

Despite the perils and problems of our times, we should be glad that we are living in this age. Every civilization is like a surf-rider, carried forward on the crest of a wave. The wave bearing us has scarcely started its run; those who thought it was already slackening spoke centuries too soon. We are poised now, in the precarious but exhilarating balance that is the essence of real living, the antithesis of mere existence. Behind us roars the reef we have already passed, beneath us the great wave, as yet barely flecked with foam, humps its back still higher from the sea.

And ahead . . . ? We cannot tell, we are too far out to see the unknown land. It is enough to ride the wave.

been unable to taste her at all.

Norman glanced guiltily toward the kitchen where Adeline was cleaning up. Except for the sound of her occasional footsteps, the house was silent.

Look at the facts, his mind persisted. He leaned back in the chair and started to review them.

Next, on Saturday, had come that dankly fetid stench. Granted, she should feel resentment if he'd accused her of being its source. But he hadn't; he was sure of it. He'd looked around the kitchen, asked her if she'd put the garbage out. Yet, instantly, she'd assumed that he was talking about her.

And, that night, when he'd waked up, he couldn't smell her.

Norman closed his eyes. His mind must really be in trouble if he could justify such thoughts. He loved Adeline; needed her. How could he allow himself to believe that *she* was, in any way, responsible for what had happened?

Then, in the restaurant, his mind went on, unbidden, while they were dancing, she'd, suddenly, felt cold to him. She'd, suddenly, felt – he could not evade the word – *pulpy*.

And, then, this morning ——

Norman flung aside the paper. *Stop it!* Trembling, he stared across the room with angry, frightened eyes. It's me, he told himself; *me!* He wasn't going to let his mind destroy the most beautiful thing in his life. He wasn't going to let ——

It was as if he'd turned to stone, lips parted, eyes widened, blank. Then, slowly – so slowly that he heard the delicate crackling of bones in his neck – he turned to look toward the kitchen. Adeline was moving around.

Only it wasn't footsteps he heard.

He was barely conscious of his body as he stood. Compelled, he drifted from the living room and across the dining alcove, slippers noiseless on the carpeting. He stopped outside the kitchen door, his face a mask of something like revulsion as he listened to the sounds she made in moving.

Silence then. Bracing himself, he pushed open the door. Adeline was standing at the opened refrigerator. She turned and smiled.

"I was just about to bring you ——" She stopped and looked at him uncertainly. "Norman?" she said.

He couldn't speak. He stood frozen in the doorway, staring at her.

"Norman, what is it?" she asked.

He shivered violently.

Adeline put down the dish of chocolate pudding and hurried toward him. He couldn't help himself; he shrank back with a tremulous cry, his face twisted, stricken.

"Norman, what's the matter?"

"I don't know," he whimpered.

Again, she started for him, halting at his cry of terror. Suddenly, her face grew hard as if with angry understanding.

"What is it now?" she asked. "I want to know."

He could only shake his head.

"I want to know, Norman!"

"No." Faintly, frightenedly.

She pressed trembling lips together. "I can't take much more of this," she said. "I mean it, Norman."

He jerked aside as she passed him. Twisting around, he watched her going up the stairs, his expression one of horror as he listened to the noises that she made. Jamming palsied hands across his ears, he stood shivering uncontrollably. *It's me!* he told himself again, again; until the words began to lose their meaning – *me, it's me, it's me, it's me!*

Upstairs, the bedroom door slammed shut. Norman lowered his hands and moved unevenly to the stairs. She had to know that he loved her, that he wanted to believe it was his mind. She had to understand.

Opening the bedroom door, he felt his way through the darkness and sat on the bed. He heard her turn and knew that she was looking at him.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I'm . . . sick."

"No," she said. Her voice was lifeless.

Norman stared at her. "What?"

"There's no problem with other people, our friends, tradesmen . . ." she said. "They don't see me enough. With you, it's different. We're together too often. The strain of hiding it from you hour after hour, day after day, for a whole year, is too much for me. I've lost the power to control your mind. All I can do is – blank away your senses one by one."

"You're not ——"

"– telling you those things are real? I am. They're real. The taste, the smell, the touch – and what you heard tonight."

He sat immobile, staring at the dark form of her.

"I should have taken all your senses when it started," she said. "It would have been easy then. Now it's too late."

"What are you talking about?" He could barely speak.

"It isn't fair!" cried her voice. "I've been a good wife to you! Why should I have to go back? I *won't* go back! I'll find somebody else! I won't make the same mistake next time!"

Norman jerked away from her and stood on wavering legs, his fingers clutching for the lamp.

"Don't touch it!" ordered the voice.

The light flared blindingly into his eyes. He heard a thrashing on the bed and whirled. He couldn't even scream. Sound coagulated in his throat as he watched the shapeless mass rear upward, dripping decay.

"All right!" the words exploded in his brain with the illusion of sound. "All right, then *know* me!"

All his senses flooded back at once. The air was clotted with the smell of her. Norman recoiled, lost balance, fell. He saw the moldering dead bulk rise from the bed and start for him. Then his mind was swallowed in consuming blackness and it seemed as if he fled along a night-swept hall pursued by a suppliant voice which kept repeating endlessly. "Please! I don't want to go back! *None of us want to go back!* Love me, let me stay with you! Love me, love me, love me . . . "

". . . And if I die before I wake . . ."

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

FALL — LIKE, FOR INSTANCE, SEPTEMBER — is when a lot of sensible chaps take their vacations. The pressure's off most everywhere — trains, planes, restaurants and hotels — and fewer rubbernecks spell better service for you no matter where you head. Kiddies are out of sight, too, back in schools where they belong. Prices plummet to near normal and fall foliage, if you're in a part of the world with four seasons, adds its special zest to the countryside.

We suggest you take the European theatre circuit in September: In Dublin, you can audit the brogueful talents of the Abbey, Gate and Globe players. In London, don't miss the Regency revivals. Hopping across the Channel, you'll want to visit the national theatres of Paris, then move on to Berlin, where the ghost of Bertolt Brecht reigns. In Vienna, it's the *Staatsoper*, while Ibsen productions run rampant throughout Scandinavia.

While doing the Continent, some nifty relaxation combined with just the right amount of high living can be found in a country too long underrated by touring Americans — Belgium. Try its wide, wind-swept North Sea beaches and sandy-floored pine forests near resort towns that all boast fine casinos — notably at Ostend and Knokke-Le Zoute. Definitely go on to Brussels, either by way of the medieval canal city of Bruges or the lusty Gothic port of Antwerp. Brussels cuisine — as served at the inimitable old Epaule de Mouton near the Grand' Place — is sensational. After you've eaten yourself silly and danced all night, you can hop a helicopter out of town. Instead of a slow jog by train or a blur-fast plane trip, you ride restfully at a wonderful viewing level — just a few hundred feet up — over the rich countryside, on to Cologne or Paris.

Another spot where copters add a new kick to vacation travel is Naples. You can dig most of the high points around the Bay of Naples in a day or two via the whirlybirds, should time be a problem. As great as the Amalfi Drive is by car, it's a yawn compared to flying at 1500 feet in a copter to Pompei, hovering over the rocky sides of Vesuvius, dropping over to Capri or Ischia.

For that fall break in the U.S., reserve your rooms at the San Ysidro ranch in Santa Barbara, California. The English-style cottages (with gardens) are quaint; the food is a constant joy. The stables, pool, tennis courts and nearby golf courses are available for guests. Accommodations are limited to sixty-five. A Pacific mountain retreat just a mile from the ocean, San Ysidro maintains a small, but luxurious, cabaña on the nearby beach, too. Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier were married here and don't be surprised to run into Aldous Huxley, Adlai Stevenson or Richard Nixon. They've all been guests.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

THE PLAYBOY KEY CLUB—ALL ABOUT THE MAGAZINE'S OWN PRIVATE DRINKING CLUB AND HOW YOU CAN JOIN

FICTION AND SATIRE—BY **RAY BRADBURY, ROBERT PAUL SMITH, LARRY SIEGEL, LELAND WEBB**

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14. Also: Penthouse Serenade, Frenesi, Easy to Love, etc.

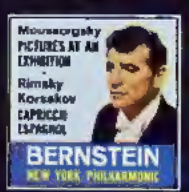
54. ". . . the tone is like shimmering silk" —High Fidelity

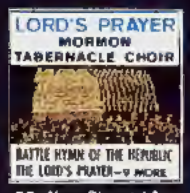
52. Streets of Laredo, Red River Valley, Cool Water, 10 more

48. 11 Goodman classics: Sing, Sing, Sing; Let's Dance; etc.

31. "Intriguing repertoire" — Christian Science Monitor

20. Also: Tony Bennett—Smile; Vic Damone—Gigi; etc.



36. "Led with fire and dash"—St. Louis Globe Democrat

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